THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

AUGUST, 1907

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

A Rare Bit of Kiplingiana

We had the pleasure of examining the other day a very curious piece of Kiplingiana, which is being held at a price by its present possessor. The price is a pretty steep one, but we have known more money to be paid for a far less interesting collection. Every one is aware that Kipling's early stories were published in thin grey paper volumes by A. H. Wheeler and Company, at Allahabad, in India, and that they were sold at the railway stations there. This was in 1888. A few years later these tales began to make their way to the knowledge of Englishmen and Americans, filtering through the press, which copied them one after the other, until they had attracted the eager attention of the whole English-reading world. Then it was that Mr. Kipling began the preparation of an English edition. He took the little grey-covered books and revised them with his own hand, altering words here and there, changing the forms of sentences, and expressing his opinion about certain typographical and other matters in marginal notes, some of which suggest the barrack-room in the vigour of their vocabulary. He also wrote a poem of some eight stanzas, dedicating *Wee Willie Winkie* to his mother. This poem was never published, though it contains lines and touches of sentiment that are exquisite in their form as well as in their thought. The collection which we saw the other day was made up of five of these slender volumes with the revision in Kipling's own hand. They are *Soldiers Three*, "done into type and edited by Rudyard Kipling"; *The Story of the Gadsbys, In Black and White, Under the Deodars,* and *Wee Willie Winkie.* There is also the poetical dedication to Mr. Kipling's mother in the original manuscript. To turn over these little volumes, and remember that, with their annotations, they are absolutely unique—that they are just the one thing of the kind that has ever been or that ever will be, so far as Kipling is concerned—makes one's mouth fairly water. We understand that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has paid the sum of $17,000 for an extra-illustrated set of Kipling—a work which could be readily reproduced. How valueless a thing like that appears beside these slender books, on whose pages one can watch the psychology of Kipling in the changes and added touches which he gives to these original creations and in the terse profanity of his marginal notes!

Kipling in Fiction

It is being said that the hero of Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's new story, *The Adventurer,* which is now running serially, is Mr. Rudyard Kipling very thinly disguised. This is not the first time Mr. Kipling has been used in fiction. He was obviously the hero of a book by two French authors that last year received a prize from the Academie Goncourt. This book, which was entitled *Dingley, the Famous Author,* showed its hero in anything but a favourable light.

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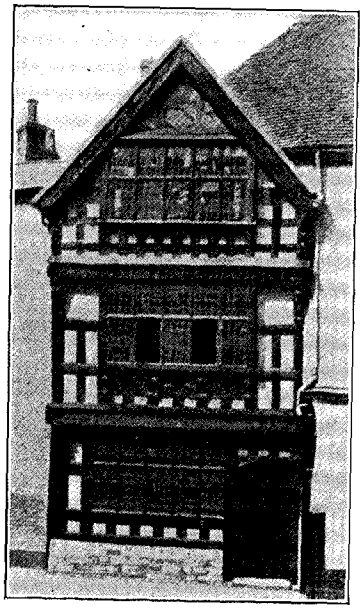

JOHN HARVARD'S HOUSE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

The house of the founder of Harvard University has just been restored and opened as an American Club

A New Peril

Psychology is being badly overworked in these days. In the sphere of education it has become ridiculous, and in the sphere of criminal law it is now becoming perilous. This thought is suggested by the appearance of Professor Hugo Münsterberg as a "psychological expert" in the Haywood trial at Boisé City. The astonishing testimony of Thomas Hogan *alias* Harry Orchard naturally made one doubt whether such a tale could possibly be true. But, of course, the only sane and sensible way of testing its truth lay in the comparison of it with the other testimony given in the trial. Professor Münsterberg, however, was called in to determine the veracity of Orchard by psychological formulas and psychopathic lore. Had the case not been so shocking the professor's methods would have had a purely comic aspect. He did not hear Orchard give his testimony. He conferred only with persons engaged in the prosecution. He saw the prisoner for only a short time. Then he went off and wrote a sort of horoscopic screed to the effect that Orchard was undoubtedly telling the exact truth. Such, to be sure, is the opinion of a great many others; but their belief will not be strengthened by anything that Professor Münsterberg can say about the lobes of Orchard's ears. Here comes in the peril. Already the swift and orderly course of criminal justice has been grievously impeded by hand-writing experts and insanity experts and chemical experts. If to this tribe there are now to be added psychological experts, it is not likely any one will ever be convicted of anything or that any important trial will ever be concluded. When it comes to passing on the testimony of witnesses by the methods of Lombroso, most persons will consider that this sort of thing is going too far. Then will come a reaction, so that, after the old English fashion, twelve good men and true in a jury box and a judge who knows the law and is not afraid of the lawyers will try cases on the basis of common sense. If this should really happen, it may be that, after all, Professor Münsterberg's somewhat undignified excursion into the field of crim-

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

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ROBERT BARR MISS DOYLE CONAN DOYLE ROBERT MCCLURE
MRS. CONAN DOYLE

This picture was made in the summer of 1894 in front of Conan Doyle's house in Surrey, near London. Miss Doyle later became Mrs. Cromarsh, and is herself an author

inology will not prove to have been ultimately unprofitable.

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Conan Doyle

In view of the conspicuous position which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has occupied for the past fifteen years, the blunder which the newspaper correspondents made in announcing his engagement a few weeks ago was exceedingly curious. The cable reports not only spoke of the creator of Sherlock Holmes as a bachelor, but they invariably emphasised it as follows:

Sir Conan was considered a confirmed bachelor, to whom Cupid would be ever a stranger.

While Sir Conan is younger than either Sir Thomas Lipton or Sir Thomas Dewar, he has been rated as one of a trio of England's most celebrated old bachelors. He is forty-eight years old.

As a matter of fact, Conan Doyle had been married for a great many years, one of his earlier books was dedicated to his wife, and he has a son and daughter who are practically grown up. The first Lady Doyle died about a year ago. Probably the cause of the blunder was that no mention of his marriage is to be found in the account of him in the English *Who's Who*.

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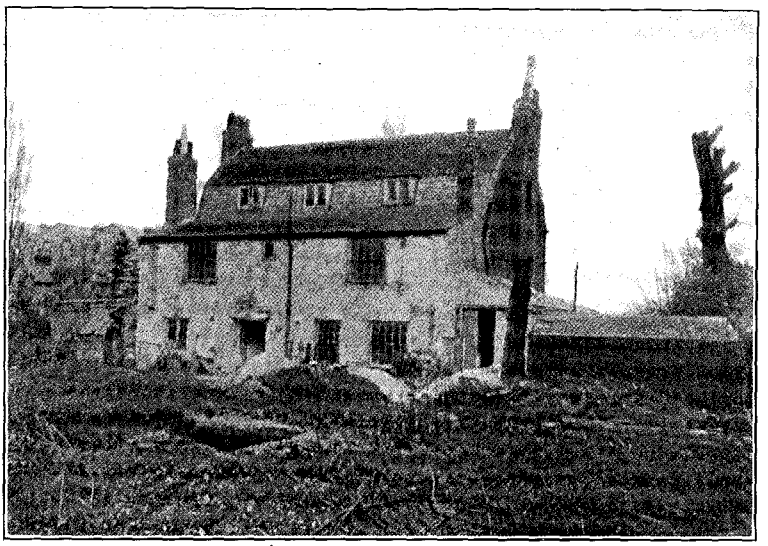

WHERE "ROBINSON CRUSOE" WAS WRITTEN

The house in which Daniel Defoe wrote *Robinson Crusoe* is doomed to demolition. This is the old manor-house standing back from the road opposite Tooting Junction railway station and surrounded by an old-world garden

At the time the first series of stories dealing with Sherlock Holmes was in the full swing of success all kinds of problems of an intricate nature were submitted to the author for solution, probably in the belief that he himself was possessed of the peculiar powers of investigation which he attributed to his hero. Of course, the writer was able to give his correspondents very little practical advice or help. Recently, however, he has applied the Sherlock Holmes methods to an English criminal case and succeeded in bringing about the release of an apparently innocent man. This was in the famous Edjali affair. Edjali, the son of a Parsee and an Englishwoman, was accused and convicted of wantonly maiming animals. The prosecution had made out an apparently strong case against him. It was alleged that on a certain dark night he went to a field near his home and there brutally mutilated a horse. Conan Doyle became convinced of his innocence, and succeeded in proving beyond question that the near-sightedness of the prisoner was of so extreme a nature that he would have been unable to find the field, let alone the horse. All of which bears a curious resemblance to some aspects of that story in *The Return of Sherlock Holmes,* entitled "The Adventure of the Golden Pince-Nez."

Mr. Van Bibber in 1907

In the portrait of "Billy" Winthrop, the owner of the Scarlet Car, and the very presentable hero of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's latest story, we have a Cortlandt Van Bibber, who differs somewhat from the gentleman whose acquaintance we first made some fifteen or sixteen years ago. He has matured somewhat, he has acquired a certain human geniality, he is not so rigidly insistent in matters of "good form" and "bad form"; but he retains to the full his attributes of cheek and courage; and is still ready and zealous where it is a matter of rewarding virtue and punishing vice, of championing a young woman in distress, or thrashing an East Side tough. In short, it is still Van Bibber. Where Van Bibber and Winthrop differ from the usual Davis hero is in their comparative unimportance in the world. Unlike Robert Clay of *Soldiers of Fortune* and Archie Graham of *The King's Jackal,* for example, they do not talk languidly of exploits in Central America and Uganda; are not

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weighed down by the array of orders which proclaim their varied achievements. They are content to belong to the Idle Rich.

In a way *The Scarlet Car* is interesting in showing the very marked influence that the two or three years that Mr. Davis has devoted to the construction of plays have had on his method of writing fiction. This influence is particularly evident in "The Jail Breakers," the first of the three tales which make up the book. There is something about the description of the police methods of Fairport, where the Scarlet Car, returning to New York from New Haven the evening after a football game, is held up for alleged speeding, that suggests more than mere invention.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

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KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

There is a note of outraged feelings and deep-rooted resentment that seems almost personal. Perhaps the author himself has suffered indignities and loss of time at the hands of that Selectman, that Justice of the Peace and that Volunteer Fire Department, and, like Winthrop, has registered awful vows of vengeance. But it is in the last of the three tales, "The Kidnappers," that Mr. Davis is at his best. In this story there is a dash and go that is somewhat lacking in the others.

The accompanying picture of Kate Douglas Wiggin and her sister, Nora Archibald Smith, which we present in this issue, was made in Edinburgh, in which city Mrs. Riggs spends a part of the spring each year. Her sister frequently accompanies her on these trips, which are often extended to other parts of the British Isles. This year they were present at the conferring of the doctor's degree on Mark Twain and the historical pageant at Oxford. They sailed for home on July 3d, on the *Adriatic,* and will spend the remainder of the summer at Hollis, Maine, where Mrs. Riggs has a house, Quillcote-on-Saco. There they will put the finishing touches to two new books. These are *Pinafore Palace,* a book of rhymes for the nursery, and *Magic Casements,* a second fairy book and a companion volume to *The Fairy Ring,* which was issued last autumn. Miss Smith has also written a juvenile entitled *The Adventures of a Doll,* for which Dan Sayre Groesbeck has made the coloured illustrations.

Kate Douglas Wiggin and G. M. Martin

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Other sisters in the literary world are George Madden Martin, author of *Emmy Lou,* whose sister, Eva Madden, though not so well known, has been writing books for children for many years. She lives permanently at Florence, Italy. Messrs. McClure, Phillips and Company will publish books by both sisters in the autumn. Mrs. Martin's new book will be a collection of the Letitia stories, which have been running in the *American Magazine,* and Miss Madden's, an historical story for children, dealing with a little girl's adventures during Napoleon's Prussian campaign. The beautiful Queen Louisa of Prussia is the central figure in the story, which is entitled *Two Royal Foes.*

Six years ago we ventured on a prediction with regard to Miss Zona Gale, then a newspaper writer in New York, who was becoming known by her contributions to the magazines. We find it rather gratifying to turn back to that prediction. Miss Gale has become one of the most

ZONA GALE

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PIERRE JANET

widely read of our writers of short fiction. Last year her first novel, *Romance Island,* was produced, and now a new novel, *The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre,* is at hand. The noticeable characteristic of Miss Gale's work is its finish, and it is, therefore, rather surprising that when it comes to actual writing she is a very rapid worker. Her facility may be accounted for by her early newspaper training. Miss Gale came to New York from Wisconsin and joined the staff of the *World,* where she soon made a reputation for herself as one of the best newspaper interviewers in the country. The amount of work which she turned out almost daily was astonishing even to veteran journalists, and it was known that she was able to write in the most difficult circumstances—on the Stock Exchange, in crowded trains, on ferry-boats—in fact, anywhere. On one occasion Miss Gale went to call upon the editor of a prominent magazine, who had requested an article from her. He was busy, and unable to see her for a half hour; but the young author determined to utilise so valuable a period of her busy day by writing the article while she sat in the entry. Though typewriters were clicking all around her and telephones were buzzing, she managed to turn out a two-thousand-word essay, which the editor has declared is in some respects the best bit of work she ever did.

Miss Zona Gale

For the moment the fashion in fiction seems to run to the novel of dual personality. Mr. Gelett Burgess, in *The White Cat,* recently exploited one of the most interesting cases on record in the medical works, and Miss Margaret Woods presents a fresh treatment of the same problem in *The Invader.* It is doubtful whether these books would have existed without the precedent medical studies of such investigators as Dr. Morton Prince and Professor Pierre Janet; and the novelists are, therefore, under a considerable debt to these scientists. Professor Janet has just published in this country a book entitled *The Major Symptoms of Hysteria,* which is based on the lectures delivered by him last fall at the inauguration of the new buildings of the Harvard Medical School. As these lectures were written and delivered in English, American readers will actually have them in advance of the author's own countrymen. Professor Janet is the foremost living investigator of hysteria and kindred diseases in France, where these studies have been most diligently prosecuted. As director of the famous Laboratory of La Salpêtrière, Professor Janet has had unrivalled opportunities for the observation of a great variety of cases, and his books are a storehouse of material for the novelist who wishes to be in the latest fashion.

Pierre Janet

We no longer anthropomorphise the deity—at least not openly. The man who called his sermon "a bird's-eye view of God" is clearly an exception. Nor do we invoke in neat pentameters the personified emotions, tastes, branches of learning, scientific discoveries, trades and

Metaphorical Journalism

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muses. No more of "All hail, oh Agriculture," or "Inoculation, heavenly maid, appear." But we make up for it with our philosophic wolves and thoughtful rabbits and melodramatic hens—no mere figures of rhetoric and beast fable, either, but certified of eye-witnesses, with affidavits, mind you, that cock-robin *was* killed by the sparrow with his little arrow. And especially there is the huge imagery of nations, so glib and definite, Germany in a word, Italy in a nutshell, immoral France, stolid Britain, types, tendencies, and signs of the times, all dancing about on the care-free pages of men whose sole end is to make the best possible story out of the least possible experience, but who are ranged alongside Mr. Bryce or De

PUTNAM WEALE

Putnam Weale, whose books on the Far East, *Indiscreet Letters from Peking* and *The Truth in the East and Its Aftermath*, is under his real name, B. Lenox Simpson. He is part American, being, on his mother's side, a descendant of General Israel Putnam

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Tocqueville, as if that sort of thing were their aim. We still forget that they come not to see but to invent us.

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We forget that for literary purposes this is not a country on the map. America is a happy guessing-ground, bounded on all sides by the Personal Equation and including many parallels of literary latitude. Its climate varies with the health of the visitor and its people have only such characteristics as a rapid writer can most effectively describe. It is, on the whole, entertainingly inhabited, with readable race traits, and concise, often epigrammatic, national ideals. Differences are as a rule uninteresting and non-essential. The things that occur first to the literary visitor are at once the most significant and the best to say. The main products are unverifiable conclusions, which meet the traveller on every side; and, indeed, in sheer point of size are more impressive than the skyscrapers. The institutions, though varying with the mind's eye, are alike in yielding an immediate moral lesson. Everywhere you see the national pastime—matching with destiny for beers; everywhere the national tendency—declining like the Roman Empire, though perhaps that fate may be averted by the moral soundness which is at the bottom of the American character, as shown by two typical gentlemen in the smoking-room and three significant magazines. Growth is wonderful, including the growth of the writer's convictions. The distances seem incredible. It is six hours from New York to Washington, and Chicago is even further from the truth; and there is room in the single State of Pennsylvania for several European generalities.

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We have been moved to these remarks by reading the accumulated press clippings in regard to Mr. Wells's *Future in America*, a most entertaining volume, and obviously belonging to this journalism of inverted pyramids, but taken by American reviewers quite generally as an attempt to describe an actual country. They found his account "favourable." Had it been unfavourable they would no doubt have hurled back the insult in his teeth. The country is still gallantly defended in the newspapers against any scurrying foreigner's literary note-book. Apparently things have not changed much since Kipling as a boy of twenty-three brought down upon his American notes the vengeance of our staunch old home guard in the press or since these same sleepless tutelary gentlemen repelled the redoubtable Max O'Rell or argued gravely with the hereditary proclivities of Paul Bourget and Professor Münsterberg. Meanwhile most of us continue to read these books for the pleasure they afford, knowing that such truth as they contain is there by accident. Who cares, for example, whether Mr. Wells is right or wrong? That is not the kind of question to ask that kind of man. We like these people for their impulsive ways and general air of wildness. We want the fine swing of certainty and plenty of prejudice and some brisk invective and sarcasm and the first thoughts after the first cocktail and the damnation of Chicago and a guess at the Middle West and lots of large advice about abolishing Congress and suppressing the rich and intermarrying with colored people (as a solution of the negro problem), and all that. We want the writer's own particular America, the prolongation of his own blessed British, Gallic, Teutonic, Slavic, bilious or sanguine, literary temperament, a land of personal patches with vast areas of omission, peopled mainly by himself and quivering with his emotions. To the well-trained literary mind, phrase-haunted, fiction-rooted, burning for the picturesque and salient, what is a country but a good excuse? Any new land is a fairyland, and things are as they look best in print. To bother him or our own heads with vain questions of verisimilitude is, to say the least, unsportsmanlike.

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British Weekliness

"Yet it would be churlish to deny," says an editorial writer for a British weekly at the end of a severe rebuke of American taste in novels—"it would be churlish to deny that America has produced great writers who can hold their own with any European or Asiatic."

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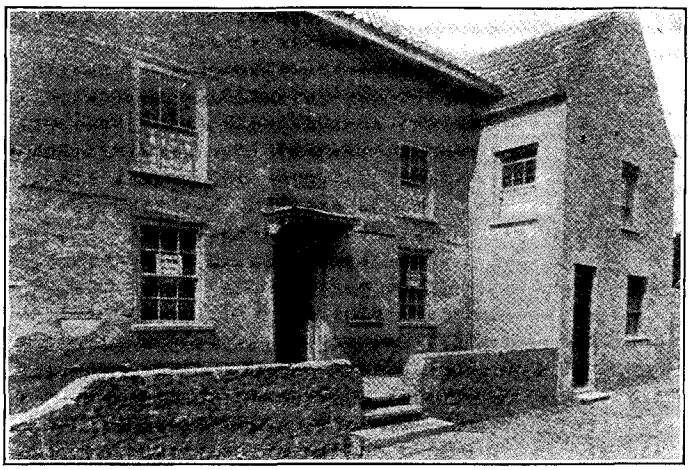

COLERIDGE'S HOUSE AT NETHER STOWEY

Recently purchased by the English nation

Why "churlish," we wonder, and to whom? Is the country, then, so tender or are British paragraphers so Olympian that the cruel words must be withheld for fear of crushing? Would they not be the words of a simple, harmless, unknown, perspiring man with space to fill and possibly a printer's devil waiting and ideas hanging back and no means of making sure of anything under the sun and only some haphazard personal tastes and private guesses to rely upon? Why, then, that Atlantean manner, as if responsible to the man in the moon for letting the world slip? Surely readers must understand the situation. There is nothing papal about that well-worn editorial chair wherein he wriggles, nor is he by any magic transformed into an œcumenical council, *vox populi,* enlightened public opinion, consensus of the learned, fourth estate, moral bulwark, or anything else more representative or apostolic or numerous than a man with a pen and an inkpot. Nowhere, it would seem, could a literary opinion be expressed with less concern for the susceptibilities of nations than in the unsigned pages of British weekly magazines. Yet nowhere do words imply a more awful sense of their own consequences. We presume a man is actually not committing his publishers, his family and friends, his country's institutions and her flag any more deeply by expressing an opinion in the first part of a British weekly than in the first part of an American monthly magazine. Yet here we are quite free and unconscionable toward any poets or prose writers on the face of the globe. It is not out of kindness that we spare French literature, and we would as lief be churlish as not to the literatures of England, Spain, Germany, the age of Pericles, any country or any period, and may frankly tell them the sweet or bitter truth—we like them, we like them not. When we reprove a country's literature that country seems to know by instinct that it is not her fault. Mid-Victorian British poets, post-Lincoln American poetasters, Greeks, Romans, Scandinavians, whoever they may be, they ask no mercy from our powerful though nameless pen. Are they really in any greater fear of British weekliness?

Wanted—A Motor Baedeker

While the latest book on the subject of automobiling to come to our attention, Francis Miltoun's *The Automobilist Abroad,* is excellent as a volume and may honestly be commended for the pleasant reading of its text and the attractiveness of its illustrations, it also serves to call attention to the crying need of a real practical work on this subject—in short, the demand for the Motor Baedeker. These books of impressions *en voyage,* usually

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THE LATE PROFESSOR HARKNESS

disguised as fiction, containing fine descriptive passages about the beauties of the French chateaux country or of the Riviera, and ornamented with reproductions of allegorical paintings of "Speed" and pretty camera snapshots of wayside inns are all very well in their way, but the average American motorist contemplating a tour in Europe is of a mind with Mr. Gradgrind: he wants facts. He is content to know that the *routes nationales* of France are the best roads in the world for motoring without being led through a chapter on their history and method of construction; and while the details of the self-propelled carriage invented by Captain Cugnet in the year seventeen hundred and something may be vastly interesting, he would probably derive more material benefit from two or three pages devoted to the business of getting a car through the French or Italian custom houses. Time was, early in the nineteenth century, when persons making the *grand tour* prepared themselves by reading volumes of travels, rich in descriptive writing and well-chosen quotations from the Greek and Latin grammars, but exceedingly meagre in specific information. So we may venture to predict that the motor guide-books of two or three years hence will be to those which we have already seen as the adequate and compact Baedeker or Joanne is to the Landscape Annual of 1830.

The Late Professor Harkness

The recent death of Professor Albert Harkness of Brown University, in his eighty-fifth year, removes a well-known figure from the world of American classical studies. Since 1855 Professor Harkness had been associated with the department of Latin at Brown, and his text-books had been known all over the land for half a century. His work, indeed, bridged over the gap existing in this country after the old traditions of English university teaching became moribund, and the new period, when the influence of German scholarship prevailed. The Latin Grammar which Professor Harkness first put forth in 1864 gradually supplanted the excellent but obsolete book of Messrs. Andrews and Stoddard, and held its own through many revisions until it was finally revised just once too often—in 1898—and then began to recede from use. Professor Harkness was not so remarkable for originality of his scholarship as for his grasp on the practical side of education. His grammar, whatever were its faults, was in its day the best Latin grammar to teach from that existed in the English language. It was only when he tried to make it a really scientific work, by securing the co-operation of German philologists, such as Stolz, Landgraf and Blase, that he changed its character and destroyed its especial usefulness. The history of Latin grammars in this country and the battles waged between them would really make a very interesting "story," if it were to be written out quite frankly and with full knowledge.

Professor Harkness was remarkable for the vigour and energy which he retained into his eighth decade. Alert, quick-witted, clear-eyed, he was a wonderful man of business; and no publisher ever got the slightest advantage of him in the numerous transactions relating to his different books, and they often expressed for his astuteness a somewhat rueful admiration. His executive ability was called into play in many important educational undertakings. Thus, he helped to found the American Philological Association, of which he was president in 1875; and

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also the American School of Classical Studies in Athens, of which he served as director in 1884. Indeed, in every way, he deserved well of the republic of classical letters, and he will be long and gratefully remembered.

"English Style" Again

In what purports to be a discussion of "English style," a writer for a recent number of the *North American Review* concerns himself chiefly with certain slips in Professor Barrett Wendell's textbook on composition and rhetoric. It seems that Professor Wendell has ended some sentences with "what not" and "and so on" without completing his thought, has constructed others carelessly and has used such expressions as "the matter in hand," "the business in hand," and "pitching upon a word." Not for the world would we defend these things. They are, from a proof-reader's point of view, enormities. It is by detecting them that a certain class of men gain a pleasing sense of superiority over others who are not correspondingly cast down, so the net result is an increase of human happiness. They offer the means of winning easy verbal victories over writers who are thought well of to writers who are not

COUNTESS DE BOIGNE, 1781-1866

The Memoirs of the Countess de Boigne has been the most widely discussed book of the kind of the year

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thought of at all, and thus serve in a way to redress the inequalities of fortune. There is a chance for some one to "view with alarm" the growing laxity in the use of our common tongue and to deplore especially that in these days of slovenly writing a man in such high standing as So-and-So should fall into these gross blunders. The blunders are then pilloried in italics or marched to jail behind exclamation points, looking very guilty indeed, and the newspapers copy, and an editorial writer, topheavy with sudden phraseological dignity, comments on it with splendid scorn. Finally, if the weather is warm, "Typicus" and "Philologus" write letters ending either with *"Quis custodes custodiet"* or *"Verbum sat,"* and others follow, and all concerned are soon debating whether you can be a perfect gentleman and end a sentence with a preposition. It is a scene of great and cheerful activity, and no man with his heart in the right place will begrudge the participants any of their self-satisfaction. The only question is that of its relative importance.

So far as "English style" is concerned, the easily noted grammatical lapses mentioned by the *North American* critic are trifling compared to certain qualities in his own writing which are beyond the reach of grammar or rhetoric. It is astonishing how vicious an "English style" may be without getting into the grammatical police court. Without breaking any formulated laws, the style of this article is extraordinarily awkward, dull and pedantic. The sentences will parse, and that is all they are willing to do for him. He has no mastery of language, no ease, intimacy, sense of form or of proportion, no ability to call up an image or suggest a thought; nothing, in short, to distinguish him from the Comptroller of the Mint, the Board of Education, a Consular Report, or the Turveydrop on the New York morning newspaper who took his criticism as a text for a lecture on literary deportment. Of course all this is no fault of his, but in the capricious region of "English style" the personally blameless are often the deepest damned. We forgive some men sooner for breaking the law than others for breaking the silence. Writers on literary gentility are apt to drive one into saying "he hadn't went" in sheer revolt from their verbal priggishness. Their scale of values is that of the struggler who has at last arrived in "our best society." They have the pride of a Richard Harding Davis hero in his unerring instinct for the right fork. Toward the man who says "the matter in hand" they feel as Ward McAllister did toward the man with a hand-bag. Whatever may be said of our carelessness of speech, there is really no lack of "truly refined" writers of this kind, and their over emphasis on these things is a better measure of our barbarism.

Beaconsfield's Plagiarism

A propos of the recent sale in London of the original manuscript of Disraeli's speech in the House of Commons on the death of the Duke of Wellington, an English writer has been calling attention to some of the English statesman's transgressions in the realm of plagiarism. Disraeli was one of the greatest plagiarists of modern times, but he did his literary borrowing in a scientific manner. For example, it is worth while comparing the language of this Duke of Wellington oration with the speech delivered in 1829 in the French senate by Thiers on the death of Marshal St. Cyr:

DISRAELI	THIERS
It is not that a great general must be an engineer, a geographer, learned in human nature, adroit in the management of men; that he must be able to fulfil the highest duty of a minister of state, and then to descend to the humblest office of a commissary and a clerk; but he has to display all the knowledge, and to exercise all those duties at the same time and under extraordinary circumstances. . . . To be	An engineer, a geographer, a man of the world, a metaphysician, knowing men, an administrator in great things, a clerk in small —all these things it is necessary to be, but these are yet nothing. All this vast knowledge must be exercised on the instant in the midst of extraordinary circumstances. . . . To think in the quiet of one's cabinet, clearly, strongly, nobly, this undoubtedly is great; but to think as clearly,

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OUIDA (LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE)

Despite her vast earnings Ouida at the age of seventy-eight is in comparative poverty. A pension of £150 has been granted her from the English Civil List

able to think with vigour, with depth and with clearness in the recesses of the cabinet is a great intellectual demonstration; but to think with equal vigour, clearness and depth amidst the noise of bullets appears to me the loftiest exercise and most complete triumph of the human faculties.

as strongly, as nobly in the midst of carnage and fire is the most perfect exercise of the human faculties.

Another instance. Compare a certain passage of *Endymion*, for which Beaconsfield in 1880 received £10,000, with a passage which had appeared four years previous in Irving's *Annals of the Time:*

DISRAELI	IRVING
On one morning the great Cloudland Company, of which he was chairman, gave their approval of twenty-six bills, which he immediately introduced into Parliament. Next day the Ebor and North Cloudland sanctioned six bills under his advice, and affirmed deeds and agreements which affected all the	Under his (Hudson's) direction the shareholders in the Midland Company gave their approval to twenty-six bills, which they had presently in Parliament. On the following Monday, at 10 o'clock, the York and North Midland sanctioned six bills, and affirmed various deeds and agreements

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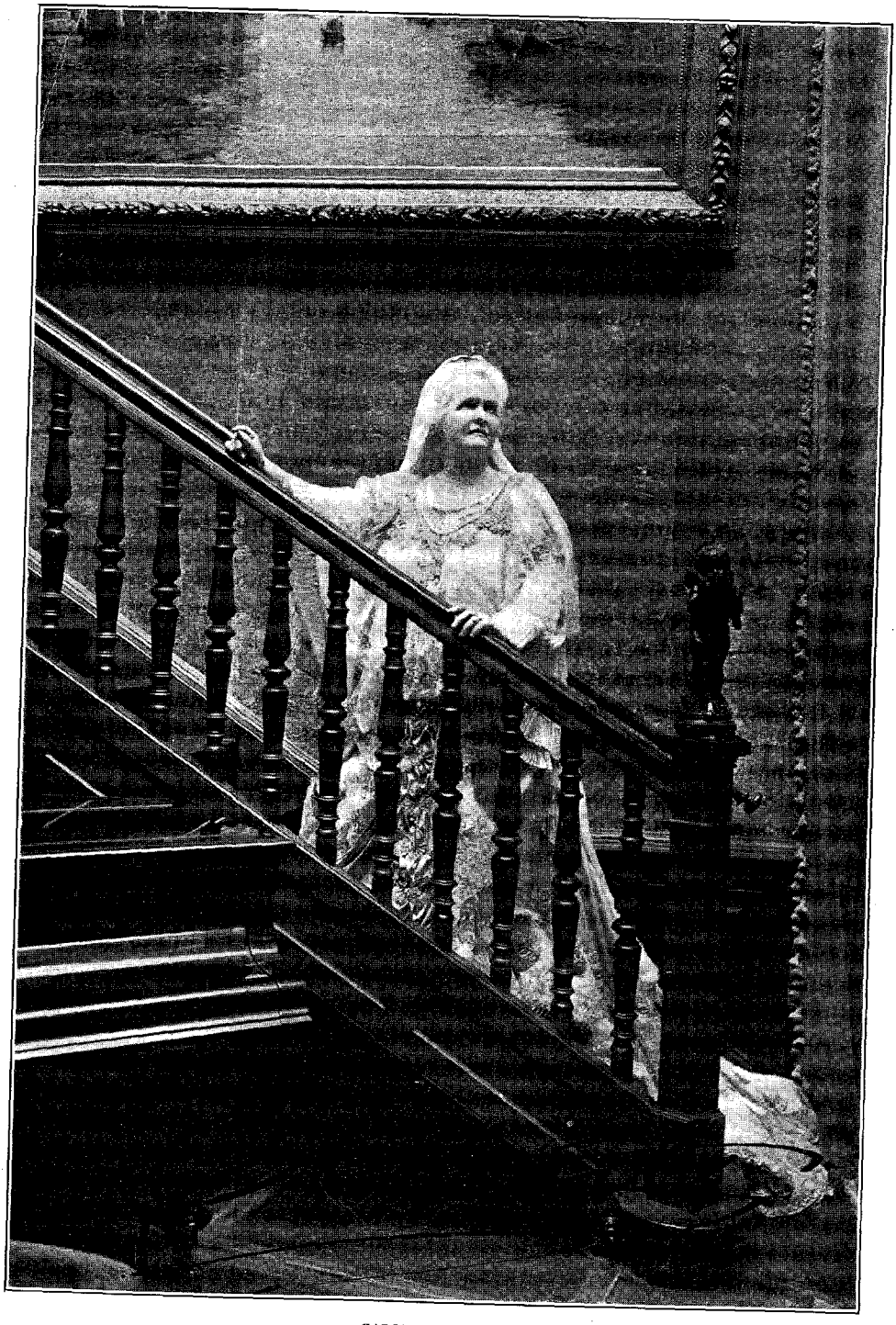

CARMEN SYLVA

This autographed portrait of the Queen of Roumania was sent to Mrs. Riley Maria Fletcher Berry as an appreciation of *Fruit Recipes*

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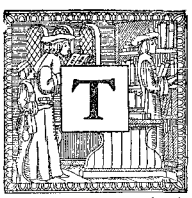
principal railway projects in Lancashire and Yorkshire. A quarter of an hour later, just time to hurry from the meeting to another, where he was always received with rampant enthusiasm, Newcastle and the extreme North affecting the Manchester and Leeds and Hull and Selby Companies. Fifteen minutes later he induced the Newcastle and Darlington Company to approve of seven bills and accompanying agreements, and at accepted his dictatorship. During a portion of two days he obtained the consent of shareholders to forty bills, involving an expenditure of ten millions. ten thirty took his seat as controlling power at the Board of the Newcastle and Berwick. During a portion of two days he obtained the consent of shareholders to forty bills, involving an expenditure of £10,000,000.

THE AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE*

NOTE.—It is perhaps needless to draw the reader's attention to the fact that Mr. Whibley's thoroughly British view of America's attitude toward her millionaires is, like many of Mr. Wells's strictures on the same subject in his *Future in America*, derived largely from his own temperament and inexperience. We believe that is the usual characteristic of the wonderfully sudden conclusions of our British literary visitors. We also believe that they are none the less interesting on that account.

Editors.



HE millionaire, or the multi-millionaire, if the plainer term be inadequate to express his lofty condition, is the hero of democratic America. He has won the allegiance and captured the imagination of the people. His antics are watched with envy, and described with a faithful realism of which statesmen are thought unworthy. He is hourly exposed to the camera; he marches through life attended by a bodyguard of faithful reporters. The trappings of his magnificent, if vulgar, existence are familiar to all the readers of the Sunday papers. His silver cars and marble palaces are the wonder of a continent. If he condescend to play golf, for instance, it is a national event. "The Richest Man on Earth Drives from the Tee," is a legend of enthralling interest, not because the hero knows how to drive, but because he is the richest man on earth. Some time since a thoughtless head-line described a poor infant as "The Ten-Million-Dollar Baby," and thus made his wealth a dangerous incubus before he was out of the nursery. Everywhere the same tale is told. The dollar has a power of evoking curiosity which neither valour nor lofty station may boast. Plainly, then, the millionaire is not made of common clay. Liquid gold flows in his veins. His eyes are made of precious jewels. It is doubtful whether he can do wrong. If by chance he does, it is almost certain that he cannot be punished. The mere sight and touch of him have a virtue far greater than that which kings of old claimed for themselves. He is at once the ensample and touchstone of modern grandeur, and if, like a Roman emperor, he could be deified, his admiring compatriots would send him to the skies, and burn perpetual incense before his tomb.

Though all the millionaires of America are animated by the same desire—the collection of dollars—they regard their inestimable privileges with very different eyes. Mr. Carnegie, for instance, adopts a sentimental view of dollars. He falls down in humble worship before the golden calf of his own making. He has pompously formulated a gospel of wealth. He piously believes that the millionaire is the greatest of God's creatures, the eloquent preacher of a new evangel. If we are to believe him, there is a sacred virtue in the ceaseless accumulation of riches. It is the first article in his creed that the millionaire who stands still is going back, from which it follows that to fall behind in the idle conflict of bribes and rebates is a cardinal sin. A simple man might think that when a manufacturer had made sufficient for the wants of himself and his family for all time he might, without a criminal intent, relax his efforts. The simple man does not understand the cult. A millionaire, oppressed beneath a mountain of gold, would deem it a dishonour to himself and his colleagues if he lost a chance of add-

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ing to the weight and substance of the mountain.

Mr. Carnegie, then, is inspired not by the romance but by the sentiment of gold. He cannot speak of the enormous benefits conferred upon the human race by the vast inequalities of wealth and poverty without a tear. "Millionaires," he says, "can only grow amid general prosperity:" In other words, if there be not millions in the country the millionaire cannot put his hand upon them. That is obvious enough. His second text cannot be so easily accepted. "Their wealth is not made," he asserts dogmatically, "at the expense of their countrymen." At whose expense, then, is it made? Does Mr. Carnegie vouch for the probity of all his colleagues? Does he cover with the ægis of his gospel the magnates of the Standard Oil Company, and that happy firm which, with no other advantage than a service of cars, levies toll upon the fruit-growers of America? Was the Steel Combine established without inflicting hardships upon less wealthy rivals? An answer to these simple questions should be given before Mr. Carnegie's second text be inscribed upon the walls of our churches. It is not enough to say with Mr. Carnegie that trusts obey "the law of aggregation." You need not be a Socialist to withhold your approval from these dollar-making machines until you know that they were not established upon ruin and plunder. Even if the millionaire be the self-denying saint of modern times, it is still possible to pay too high a price for his sanctity and sacrifice.

It is the favourite boast of the sentimental millionaire that he holds his wealth in trust for humanity; in other words, that he has been chosen by an all-wise Providence to be the universal almsgiver of mankind. The arrogance of this boast is unsurpassable. To be rich is within the compass of any man gifted or cursed with an acquisitive temperament. No one may give to another save in humbleness of spirit. And there is not a millionaire in America who does not think that he is fit to perform a delicate duty which has eluded the wise of all ages. In this matter Mr. Carnegie is by far the worst offender. He pretends to take his "mission" very seriously. He does not tell us who confided the trust of philanthropy to him, but he is very sure that he has been singled out for special service. It is his modest pleasure to suggest a comparison with William Pitt. "He lived without ostentation and he died poor." These are the words which Mr. Carnegie quotes with the greatest relish. How or where Mr. Carnegie lives is his own affair; and even if he die poor he should remember that he has devoted his life, not to the service of his country, but to the amassing of millions which he cannot spend. It is obvious, therefore, that the noble words which Canning dedicated to the memory of Pitt can have no meaning for him, and he would be wisely guided if he left the names of patriots out of the argument.

Mr. Carnegie's choice of an epitaph is easily explained. He is wont to assert, without warrant, that "a man who dies rich dies disgraced." He does not tell us how the rich man shall escape disgrace. Not even the master of millions, great and good as he is reputed to be, knows when his hour comes. There is a foresight which even money cannot buy. Death visits the golden palace of the rich and the hovel of the poor with equal and unexpected foot. The fact that Mr. Carnegie is still distributing libraries with both hands seems to suggest that, had he been overtaken during the last twenty years, he would not have realised his ideal. There is, indeed, but one method by which a rich man may die poor, and that is to disencumber himself of his wealth the very day that it is acquired. And he who is not prepared for this sacrifice does but waste his breath in celebrating the honour of a pauper's grave.

As there is no merit in living rich, so there is no virtue in dying poor. That a millionaire should desert his money-bags at his death is not a reproach to him if they be honestly filled. He has small chance of emptying them while he is on the earth. But Mr. Carnegie has a reason for his aphorism. He aspires to be a philosopher as well as a millionaire, and he has decided that a posthumous bequest is of no value, moral or material. "Men who leave vast sums," says he, "may fairly be thought men who would not have left it at all had they been able

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to take it with them." On such a question as this the authority of Mr. Carnegie is not absolute. Let the cobbler stick to his last. The millionaire, no doubt, is more familiar with account books than with the lessons of history; and the record of a thousand pious benefactors proves the worth of wise legacies. Nor, indeed, need we travel beyond our own generation to find a splendid example of wealth honourably bestowed. The will of Cecil Rhodes remains a tribute to the generosity and to the imagination of a great man, and is enough of itself to brush aside the quibbles of Mr. Carnegie.

The sentiment of "doing good" and of controlling great wealth leads rapidly to megalomania, and Mr. Carnegie cannot conceal the pride of omniscience. He seems to think that his money-bags give him the right to express a definite opinion upon all things. He has distributed so many books that perhaps he believes himself master of their contents. Though he has not devoted himself to politics or literature, he is always prepared to advise those who give themselves to these difficult arts. He has discovered that Greek and Latin are of no more practical use than Choctaw—which is perfectly true if the useless money-bag be our *summum bonum*. With the indisputable authority of a man who keeps a large balance at his bank, he once dismissed the wars of the Greeks as "petty and insignificant skirmishes between savages." Poor Greeks! They did not pay their bills in dollars or buy their steel at Pittsburg. The chief article in his political creed is that monarchy is a crime. In his opinion, it is a degradation to kiss the King's hand. "The first man who feels as he ought to feel," says Mr. Carnegie, "will either smile when the hand is extended at the suggestion that he could so demean himself, and give it a good hearty shake, or knock his Royal Highness down." In the same spirit of sturdy "independence" he urged the United States some years since to tax the products of Canada, because she "owes allegiance to a foreign power founded upon monarchical institutions." "I should use the rod," says the money-bag, "not in anger, but in love; but I should use it." Fortunately it is not his to use; and his opinions are only memorable since the country which he insults with his words is insulted also by his gifts. We may pay too high a price, in self-esteem, even for the boon of free libraries.

And with a hatred of monarchy Mr. Carnegie combines a childlike faith in the political power of money. Though his faith by this should be rudely shaken, he clings to it as best he may. Time was when he wished to buy the Philippines, and present them, a free gift, to somebody or other. Now he thinks that he may purchase the peace of the world for a round sum, and sees not the absurdity of his offer. Even his poor attempt to bribe the English-speaking peoples to forget their spelling-books was a happy failure, and he still cherishes an illusion of omnipotence. At the opening of his Institute at Pittsburg he was bold enough to declare that his name would be known to future ages "like the name of Harvard." He might remember that Harvard gave not of his abundance. He bequeathed for the use of scholars a scholar's books and a scholar's slender savings, and he won a gracious immortality. Mr. Carnegie, in endowing education, is endowing that which he has publicly condemned. Desiring to teach the youth of his country how to become as wealthy as himself, he poured contempt upon learning. He declared that "the college-made" man had "little chance against the boy who swept the office." He was to be found, this victim of an intellectual ambition, in the salaried class, from which the aspiring millionaire is bidden to escape as quickly as possible by the customary methods of bluff and bounce. Why, then, if Mr. Carnegie thinks so ill of colleges and universities does he inflict his millions upon them? He has known "few young men intended for business who were not injured by a collegiate education." And yet he has done his best to drive all the youth of Scotland within the gates of the despised universities, and he has forced upon his own Pittsburg the gift of "free education in art, in literature." Is it cynicism or vain inconsequence? Cynicism probably. The man who, having devoted his whole career to the accumulation of superfluous wealth, and yet sings a pæan in praise

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of poverty, is capable of everything. "Abolish luxury, if you please," thus he rhapsodises, "but leave us the soil upon which alone the virtues and all that is precious in human character grow—poverty, honest poverty!" Has he shed the virtues, I wonder, or is he a peculiarly sanctified vessel, which can hold the poison of wealth without injury?

Of all millionaires, Mr. Carnegie is at once the least picturesque and the most dangerous. He is the least picturesque because he harbours in his heart the middle-class ambition of philanthropy. He would undertake a task for which he is manifestly unfit, in the spirit of provincial culture. For the same reason he is the most dangerous. He is not content to squander his immense wealth in race-horses and champagne. He employs it to interfere with the lives of others. He confers benefits with a ready hand, which are benefits only when they are acquired by conquest. Of a very different kind is Mr. Thomas W. Lawson. He, too, is a millionaire. He, too, has about him all the appurtenances of wealth. His fur coat is mythical. He once paid $30,000 for a pink. "He owns a palace in Boston," says his panegyrist, "filled with works of art; he has a six-hundred-acre farm in Cape Cod, with seven miles of fences, three hundred horses, each one of whom he can call by name; a hundred and fifty dogs; and a building for training his animals larger than Madison Square Garden." These eloquent lines will prove to you more clearly than pages of argument the native heroism of the man. He was scarce out of his cradle when he began to amass vast sums of money, and he is now, after many years of adventure, a king upon Wall Street. He represents the melodrama of wealth. He seems to live in an atmosphere of mysterious disguises, secret letters and masked faces. His famous contest with Mr. H. H. Rogers, "the wonderful Rogers, the master among pirates, whom you have to salute even when he has the point of his cutlass at the small of your back and you're walking the plank at his order," was conducted, on Mr. Lawson's part, in the spirited style of the old Adelphi. "Mr. Rogers's eyes snapped just once," we are told, on a famous occasion; but Mr. Lawson was not intimidated. "I held myself together," he says proudly, "with closed hands and clenched teeth." Indeed, these two warriors never met without much snapping of eyes and closing of hands and clenching of teeth. Why they did it all is uncertain. To follow their operations is impossible for an outsider, but Mr. Lawson always succeeds in convincing you that on the pretence of money-making he is attacking some lofty enterprise. He would persuade you that he is a knight-errant of purity. "Tremendous issues" are always at stake. The heroes of Wall Street are engaged in never-ending "battles." They are "fighting" for causes, the splendour of which is not dimmed in Mr. Lawson's lurid prose. They have Americanised the language of ancient chivalry, until it fits the operations of the modern market. They talk of honour and of "taking each other's word." But of one thing you may be sure—they are always "on hand when a new melon is cut and the juice runs out."

And, like the knights of old, they toil not, neither do they spin. They make nothing, they produce nothing, they invent nothing. They merely gamble with the savings of others, and find the business infinitely profitable. Yet they, too, must cultivate the jargon of sentiment. Though the world is spared the incubus of their philanthropy, they must pretend, in phrase at least, that they are doing good, and their satisfaction proves that nothing so swiftly and tranquilly lulls the conscience to sleep as the dollar. But, as the actor of melodrama falls far below the finished tragedian, the heroes of the street, typified by Mr. Lawson, are mere bunglers compared with the greatest millionaire on earth—John D. Rockefeller. We would no more give him the poor title of "Mr." than we would give it to Shakespeare. Even "Rockefeller" seems too formal for his grandeur. Plain "John D." is better suited to express the admiration of his worshippers, the general fame that shines like a halo about his head. He is Plutus in human guise; he is Wealth itself, essential and concrete. A sublime unselfishness has marked his career. He is a true artist, who pursues his art for its own sake. Money has

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given him nothing. He asks nothing of her. Yet he pursues her with the same devotion which a lover shows to his mistress. Like other great men, Rockefeller has concentrated all his thoughts, all his energies, upon the single object of his desire. He has not chattered of things which he does not understand, like Mr. Carnegie. He has resolutely refrained from Mr. Lawson's melodramatic exaggeration. Money has been the god of his idolatry, "*Dea Moneta,* Queen Money, to whom he daily offers sacrifice, which steers his heart, hands, affections—all."

His silence and his concentration give him a picturesqueness which his rivals lack. He stands apart from the human race in a chill and solitary grandeur. He seeks advertisement as little as he hankers after pleasure. The Sunday-school is his dissipation. A suburban villa is his palace. He seldom speaks to the world, and when he breaks his habit of reticence it is to utter an aphorism, perfect in concision and cynicism. "I have ways of making money that you know nothing of," he once told a colleague, and no one will doubt the truth of his assertion. "Avoid all honorary posts that cost time" —this was one of his earliest counsels to the young. "Pay a profit to nobody," is perhaps his favourite maxim. "Nothing is too small, for small things grow," is another principle which he formulated at the outset of his career. It is said that when he was scarce out of his teens he would murmur, with the hope of almost realised ambition, "I am bound to be rich, bound to be rich, bound to be rich." He imposed upon all those who served him the imperative duty of secrecy. He was unwilling that any one should know the policy of the trust. "Congress and the State legislature are after us," he once said. "You may be subpœnaed. If you know nothing you can tell nothing. If you know about the business you might tell something which would ruin us." The mere presence of a stranger has always been distasteful to him. The custom of espionage has made him suspect that others are as watchful as himself. He has been described erroneously as a master of complicated villainy. He is, for evil or for good, the most single-minded man alive. He looks for a profit in all things. Even his devotion to the Sunday-school is of a piece with the rest. "Put something in," says he, speaking of the work, "and according as you put something in the greater will be your dividends of salvation."

His triumphant capture of the oil trade is a twice-told tale. All the world knows how he crushed his rivals by excluding their wares from the railroads, which gave him rebates, and then purchased for a song their depreciated properties. At every point he won the battle. He laid stealthy hands upon the pipe-lines, laid to thwart his monopoly, as he had previously laid hands upon the railway lines. He discovered no new processes, he invented no new methods of transport. But he made the enterprise of others his own. The small refiner went the way of the small producer, and the energy of those who carried oil over the mountains helped to fill Rockefeller's pocket. The man himself spared no one who stood between him and the realisation of his dream. Friends and enemies went down before him. He ruined the widow and orphan with the same quiet cheerfulness wherewith he defeated the competitors who had a better chance to fight their own battle. The Government was, and is, powerless to stay his advance. It has instituted prosecutions. It has passed laws directed at the Standard Oil Company. And all is of no avail. Before cross-examining counsel, in the face of the court, Rockefeller maintains an impenetrable silence. He admits nothing. He confesses nothing. "We do not talk much," he murmurs sardonically; "we saw wood." A year ago it was rumoured that he would be arrested when he returned to America from Europe. He is still at large. The body of a multi-millionaire is sacred. Were he not bald, it might be said with truth that not a hair of his head would ever be touched.

He is master of the world's oil, and of much else besides. Having won the control of one market, he makes his imperial hand felt in many another. His boast that "money talks" is abundantly justified. The power of money in making money is, indeed, the only secret that the millionaires of America discover for themselves. The man who makes a vast fortune by

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the invention or manufacture of something which the people thinks it wants may easily take a pride in the fruit of his originality. The captains of American industry can seldom boast this cause of satisfaction. It is theirs to exploit, not to create. The great day in Mr. Carnegie's life was that on which "the mysterious golden visitor'" came to him as a dividend from another's toil. Mr. Rockefeller remembers with the greatest pleasure the lesson which he learned as a boy, "that he could get as much interest for $50, loaned at seven per cent., as he could earn by digging potatoes ten days." The lesson of Shylock is not profound, but its mastery saves a world of trouble. Combined with a light load of scruples, it will fill the largest coffers; and it has been sufficient to carry the millionaires of America to the highest pinnacle of fame.

In other words, the sole test of their success is not their achievement, but their money-bags. And when, with cynical egoism, they have collected their unnumbered dollars, what do they do with them? What pleasures, what privileges does their wealth procure? It is their fond delusion that it brings them power —what power? To make more money and to defy the laws. In England a wealthy man aspires to found a family, to play his part upon the stage of politics, to serve his country as best he may, and to prepare his sons for a like honourable service. The American millionaire does not share this ambition. Like Mr. Rockefeller, he avoids "honorary posts." If he were foolish enough to accept them, he would not be loyal to the single desire of adding to his store. Perhaps we may best express his triumph in terms of champagne and oysters, of marble halls and hastily gathered collections. But even here the satisfaction is small. The capacity of the human throat is limited, and collections, made by another and partially understood, pall more rapidly than orchid-houses and racing-stables.

This, then, is the tragedy of the American multi-millionaires. They are doomed to carry about with them a huge load of gold which they cannot disperse. They are no wiser than the savages, who hide and hoard their little heaps of cowrie-shells. They might as well have filled their treasuries with flint-stones or scraps of iron. They muster their wealth merely to become its slave. They are rich not because they possess imagination, but because they lack it. Their bank-books are the index of their folly. They exclude from their lives all that makes life worth living, that they may acquire innumerable specimens of a precious metal. Mr. Rockefeller will go out of the world as limited in intelligence, as uninstructed in mind, as he was when he entered it. The lessons of history and literature are lost upon him. The joys for which wise men strive have never been his. He is the richest man on earth, and his position and influence are the heaviest indictment of wealth that can be made. His power begins and ends at the curbstone of Wall Street. His painfully gathered millions he must leave behind. Even the simple solace of a quiet conscience is denied to the most of millionaires. Is there one of them who is not haunted in hours of depression by the memory of bloody strikes, of honest men squeezed out of rival works shut down?

In a kind of dread they turn to philanthropy. They fling from their chariots bundles of bank-notes to appease the wolves of justice. Universities grow ignobly rich upon their hush-money. They were accurately described three centuries ago by Robert Burton as "gouty benefactors, who, when by fraud and rapine they have extorted all their lives, oppressed whole provinces, societies, etc., give something to pious uses, build a satisfactory alms-house, school, or bridge, etc., at their last end, or before, perhaps, which is no otherwise than to steal a goose and stick down a feather, rob a thousand to relieve ten." If America were wise, she would not accept even the feather without the closest scrutiny. Money never loses the scent of its origin, and when the very rich explain how much they ought to give to their fellows, they should carry back their inquiry a stage farther. They should tell us why they took so much, why they suppressed the small factory, why they intrigued with railways for rebates to the detriment of others, why they used their wealth as an instrument of oppression. If their explanation be not sufficient, they

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should not be permitted to unload their gold upon a stricken country; they should not buy a cheap reputation for generosity with money that is not their own.

It may be said that the millionaire decrees the punishment for his own crimes. That is true enough, but the esteem in which America holds him inflicts a wrong upon the whole community. Where Rockefeller is a hero, a false standard of morals is set up. For many years he has preached a practical sermon upon the text: the end justifies the means. How great are the means! How small the end! He has defended his harshest dealings on the ground that "it is business," and so doing has thrown a slur upon the commerce of his country. And, worse than this, the wonder and curiosity which cling about the dollar have created a new measure of life and character. A man is judged not by his attainments, his courage, his energy, but by his wealth. It is a simple test, and easily applied. It is also the poorest encouragement for the civic virtues. In England we help to correct the vulgarity of wealth by the distribution of titles, and a better aid than this could not be devised. Though the champions of democracy, who believe in equality of names as devoutly as in inequality of wealth, deem this old-fashioned artifice a shameful crime, it is not without its uses. It suggests that public service is worth a higher distinction than a mass of money. And, titles apart, it is happily not in accord with the traditions of our life to regard the rich man and the poor man as beings of a different clay and a different destiny. We may still echo without hypocrisy the words of Ben Jonson, "Money never made any man rich, but his mind."

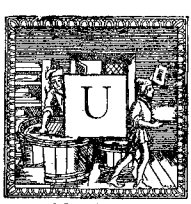
Charles Whibley.

THE STOOPING LADY*

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

CHAPTER XXVII

WHICH DEALS CHIEFLY WITH MR. RANALD'S OPINIONS



UPON a time of wild elation, when her blood, thought, and senses were swirling together down a mill-race, Moth intervened, the bright-eyed and intelligent Moth, to see if she were stirring and would ride. It was eight o'clock.

"God bless me, miss!"

She took everything literally now. "Yes, yes, oh, Moth, he has blessed me."

Moth was alert in a moment. "It's to be hoped so, indeed, miss, though as a humble Christian I say it. Little enough we know of such things, save and except that women have the worst in the long run of it. Your pardon, miss, but whoever have dressed you this morning?"

"I dressed myself—as you see."

"See! I could have seen it blindfold, miss, if you will excuse the liberty. Your hair! Miss Hermia, will you ride?"

"Certainly, I shall ride. But I should like some tea first, if you please. I am thirsty."

She was fed, she was dressed, and she rode out, her man behind her, into the blue and gold, the mist, the glory and tender promise of London April. It all seemed personal to her, she took it as a message, as an augury, the foolish child. Entering the park, she spurred her horse and galloped to her heart's content. Faster than four hoofs flew her high thoughts.

Tom Rodono, who, for her sake, forswore late hours and got himself into the saddle betimes that he might see and perhaps speak with her, watched her fly past him, veil and hair streaming like pennons behind her. A nymph of the chase! He

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was wrong. She was a nymph in chase, an unharboured deer.

She passed him more slowly the second time round, saw him, and reined up. Friends with all the world, she felt especially tender toward him. "What demon possesses you this morning?" he asked her. "You ride like a creature of the storm."

She felt that she must hold herself in check, lest she blaze her secret to the world. "I suppose it is that I am very well. At least, I have blown away the memories of last night."

"A great party! All the Whig world and all its wives."

"Is there a Whig world? I had forgotten it."

"There are more worlds in this old globe than you know of, young lady."

She laughed. "I suppose so. Yes—I am sure there are." She then found that she had been dealing with a world whose inhabitants were reduced to two.

They spoke of Sir Francis, capitulated and in the Tower. What was to come next? There was to be a great Westminster meeting—would she care to go? Bob Ranald was to speak—"and your man, Vernour." Her man, Vernour! She could have laughed aloud. Of course she would go—of course she must.

"It could be easily arranged," says Tom. "Grizel will take you, and I'll be in charge. You shall dine in Clarges Street, and we'll make a party."

She rode home to breakfast—to find her flowers, but no letter, no further sign. It was clear that she was to wait, say nothing, do nothing. Her first impulse had been to give battle to her grandmother; but she supposed now that he intended to do that himself.

Reaction followed hard upon her crowning hour; she became restless and miserable, not that she doubted him for a moment, but that her powers of endurance should be so frail, that her desire of sight, speech, and touch should be so overmastering, that her violets should be no comfort to her—these things frightened her. She felt lonely—like Ariadne, whom the god Bacchus had loved for one burning hour and then forsaken. She felt a traitor to what had been loveliest in her love—her happiness in the unknown lover, who was hidden in the woody fragrance of violets. Like Psyche, she had sought to see his face, and like Eros he had shone upon her once and now was gone.

She knew not what to do, in whom to confide. She went half-way to Brook Street to see his mother, but found her resolution fail her, lest he should be there. Some grain of pride left in her—which she felt to be her shame, but could not ignore—bade her believe that she would sooner die than seek him anywhere. Under these circumstances she found her drill-routine of dinners, assemblies, routs, and balls unspeakably flat, until by chance she met Mr. Robert Ranald and learned that he would talk of his own accord of Vernour. Apart from this pleasing trait, she was not long in discovering that he was worth listening to for his own sake; and she was a little shocked with herself to find that she could be interested in politics—in the fight at long odds which all whom she had ever loved had been waging for so long as she could remember. It savoured to her of disloyalty that she could care for anything in the world besides Vernour. Nevertheless, Mr. Ranald, or Captain Ranald, as he actually was, approved himself to her sympathies as well as her understanding.

He was in great spirits, as always when fighting uphill; he smiled awry, wrinkled his forehead, chuckled, rubbed his hands together. He had a burnt brown seaman's face; his skin looked as if it had been strained taut with keys—like a drum—and had cracked and slightly blistered at the bones. He was very lean and very big boned, but exceedingly healthy.

He spoke of Vernour, calling him, as Rodono had, "your man, Vernour." He thought he would go far. "He's got fire in reserve; he banks it. I think that he does you credit, and may do you more. I suppose you see nothing of him?" She admitted, not much. "Well," he said, "it so happens that I've seen a fairish deal. He's young—I dare say that he might be six-and-twenty—but he's capable, and his father is well off; so the young man has his freedom; he's a freeholder of Westminster, one of my 'lambs.' The fact is that he behaved very well

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indeed in that business of your grandmother's—monstrous bit of tyranny that was, saving her presence. Before I knew you—before I had that honour of meeting you at Burdett's—Cobbett told me something of the case, and made my blood boil. I don't mind telling you now. Well, I was in more than two minds to raise a debate in the House about that affair; I suspected the very mischief was in it—Carlton House, York House, God knows what house. Windmills, my dear Miss Chambre—infernal things they are! Your man came to see me and to beg me not to move. He made me some mystery, mentioning no names, mind you—said that ample amends had been done—not money, not a horse, not custom—far greater honour had been done him than that; he had received a gift beyond price, incalculable, *et cetera*. I confess, I didn't know what the young man meant, but I do now. You made a man of him, Miss Chambre, and now he acts like a man. He's going to speak at our meeting—you'll hear him. He's educated himself—he's rough—but he has the soul of a gentleman—God bless me! what am I talking about?—he has the soul of a man." She was all in a glow; tears brimmed her eyes.

"The soul of a man speaks," was all that she could trust herself to say. He put up his hand.

"Don't flatter me. I'm a lunatic. My name is Bob Quixote."

"That was the name of a man and a gentleman," said she.

"Yes, we'll remember that. And mind you this: it's the fools who do the work of the world and the wise who profit by it. So you may choose."

She looked serious and most beautiful. He observed her eyes and thought he had never seen any more wonderful grey light. She was like the Sibyl, new from commerce with the divine.

"I think I have chosen. I know that I have."

He smiled. "You join our company?"

"Oh," she said, "I shall be called a fool, most certainly."

She was to accompany the Clarges Street party to the Crown and Anchor meeting; she was to dine and sleep there. Lady Morfa had no care for the opinion of Westminster freeholders in any event, and her only stipulation was that Sir George Coigne should accompany the ladies. So he was to be included. Another person who intended to be present was Mr. Aloysius Banks, who had become of late very much the servant of Caryll House. Lady Morfa, finding him useful, had permitted him to take up the duties of jackal, and listened to him with a mixed air of amusement and contempt, which she did not attempt to conceal. When he told her that he thought it his business to be there, she replied that she thought so too. "You are a philosopher, my good sir," she said, "and can only formulate wisdom out of the ravages of folly. Go by all means, and observe fools."

"Did your ladyship chance to hear," said Mr. Banks, "that the young man, Vernour, was to be one of the speakers?"

Her ladyship had not heard that, and was not sure that she remembered his name. So, at least, she said.

Mr. Banks enlarged upon Vernour. A young man of extreme opinions and dangerous license. The Government had him in mind. He had been befriended, he said, by persons of consequence—by Lord Sandgate, Captain Ranald, Sir Francis, and others of even greater rank. He went no further, because he saw that her ladyship was now perfectly aware of what he was saying; but he added that, in his own opinion, it was the business of all those whose ability to serve the State was the sole measure of their right to do so—of those who, like himself, pretended to no natural right—it was their business, he had been saying, to report scrupulously upon any symptom of irregularity in those wise provisions which, etc., etc. I have followed him further than his patroness already, and shall cut him short by her assistance.

"You mean," said Lady Morfa, "that you are going to take notes of what this young man says?"

"I conceive my duty to be so, madam, unless your ladyship—" He paused, expectant.

"My dear man," said her ladyship, "what do you suppose your conceptions have to do with me?"

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CHAPTER XXVIII

WHICH REPORTS A WESTMINSTER MEETING

They arrived early, and sat in the front row of the gallery, six ladies all in black, with hoods and veils, and since Sir George at the last moment had cried off, only Tom Rodono to mount guard over them. Miss Chambre recalled to mind Lady Mary Wortley's description of a harem at the mosque. In course of time the veils were put back, but until that was done the one spot of light furnished by the bevy was a knot of white violets which one of them wore at the breast, and would not have covered for all the world. They chattered and laughed among themselves, these fine, adventurous and calm-eyed ladies; watched the arrivals and quizzed them, saw that Lord Rodono was uncomfortable, and spared him nothing. Mrs. Western vowed she would wave her handkerchief to the first man who named the Princess of Wales; and presently Vernour was mentioned and provoked curiosity. Everybody knew him and his tale; Hermia was begged to point him out. He was to speak? Then he would be on the platform and they could all see him. Was he really like the man in that horrible print? If so, he must be handsome, Lady Mendip thought. Hermia, very composed outwardly, took all this with great simplicity. As for Lord Rodono, he prepared himself for the worst. Here he was with six handsome and fearless ladies on his hands, and an almost certain rumpus. He had seen but said nothing of certain Government men dotted about the hall—one of whom he knew was in receipt of pay. It was Hermia herself who saw and called attention to Mr. Aloysius Banks, whose checked muffler up to his chin made him a conspicuous object. Meantime the room was filling fast.

The leaders were on the hustings, the led in the body of the hall, a tense and fervent assembly. Rodono, who knew men, saw that there was hardly anybody present who did not in his own way show himself braced for a tussle. There was much variety: it was what you would call a representative gathering. Blue-coated, nankeen-breeched, prosperous traders leaned both hands solidly upon their walking-sticks, and chatted after their way—a few words snapped out at a time, a whisper behind the hand, received with a nod. Sharp-faced men in black smalls, with neat black legs and neater shoes, proved brisker; they were full of jokes and of relish for jokes: lawyers from the Hall, attorneys from Abingdon Street were these. They exchanged snuff-boxes, capped each other's puns, passed them on with nudges, and knew everybody worth knowing. Watermen filled a double row, red-faced and observant. It was one of them who called for three cheers for the ladies when our friends appeared, and led them, with one cheer more for the handsomest. Behind them, closer packed, was a rougher sort—frieze-coated or long-waistcoated men in woollen stockings and highlows, who all kept heavy sticks between their knees, and had lowering brows and dogs' restless eyes. These were of the famous Westminster pack—chairmen, hackney-coachmen, stable hands, potmen, tinkers, costers, night-porters. They could be trusted to do anything, from chairing a candidate to breaking a Minister's windows, as they might be moved. They had many names: had been "Wilkes and Liberty men," "Fox's men," and now they were Burdett's men and Ranald's. One might be sorry for the Government spy whose head came within range of their blackthorns.

Hermia saw Vernour come in presently and make a way to the middle of the hall. He had a fine, leisurely way of pushing through a crowd, kept his head high and his shoulders very square, and leaned a little forward so that his weight might tell. She saw him the moment he entered, and hardly took her eyes off him again, but could not be sure whether he had discovered her presence or not. One of the strongest attractions he had for her was his seeming power of fitting her into a scheme of many things which all seemed equally important; so that she could never say that she was more to him than other interests. She was certain just now, for instance, that had she stood immediately before him and said, "I am here," he would have greeted her with ceremony, asked how she did, and have turned then to the real business of his

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evening. And the odd thing is that she loved him the better and admired him the more for this shared throne which he accorded her.

He stood easily in his place, taking off his scarf and caped coat, and nodded here and there to an acquaintance. With one or two he shook hands, but only when the salutation was thrust upon him; he never volunteered it. She saw a little black-browed man lean over from the lawyers' row and hold his hand out, and that Vernour added an inclination of the head as he took it. With others he was less concerned. The frieze coats had thumped with their sticks when he passed them, and Mr. Aloysius Banks stood up to have a good look at him. He was certainly considered at the Crown and Anchor.

Captain Ranald, who had received a storm of cheering on his entry, came off the hustings to speak to Vernour. The young man rose at his approach, bowed, and stood deferentially listening to what was told him. He plainly demurred to some part of his instructions, and argued the difficulty with a calm persistence which got him his way. She who watched him so keenly was struck by the contrast between this pair, and, as you may guess, gave him the honours. The peer's son was all fire and vivacity, full of action of the hands and play of feature; the other held himself in reserve, and was stiff. When he spoke he used no gestures. He seemed to be bending to an inferior; and she did not fail to notice that he got his way.

So it was with the speeches which followed: she could criticise Ranald, and found plenty of fault with him. He disappointed her, and the more so because she knew of what stuff he was; she had hoped that he would be as direct on the platform as he had been at the dinner-table; that he would be trenchant, and deal his strokes with the gallantry which he certainly possessed. She had to own him stilted and ornate while he was handling what was really to the point, and only himself when he came, as Rodono said he was bound to come, to the navy and the supply of seamen. He was cogent, weighty, and impressive; but he roused no more enthusiasm at the close than he had at the beginning of his speech—and to do so is to fail. The truth, I suspect, is that the two sorts of men who are natural on a platform are the deeply modest man, who dares be nothing less, and the deeply conceited man, who cares not to be anything more. Between these two extremes are all the varieties of human capacity. This gallant gentleman respected his hearers and his cause and, without over-valuation, respected himself; but he clung to the traditions of oratory as to a good coat for Sundays. Probably he would as soon have appeared on the quarter-deck of his ship without uniform as have addressed the Westminster electors in anything short of the periods of Mr. Burke.

Mr. Wardle succeeded him, Mr. Gwillym Wardle, famous friend of Mrs. Clark, who had no rhetorical scruples, and hesitated not to talk of rotten boroughs, place-men, royal pensioners, and the like. He it was who earned the promised handkerchief, for he spoke with faltering voice of the Princess of Wales as of a lady "as beautiful as she was unhappy, and as unhappy as she was royal," and raised a roar of agreement. Mr. Wardle, in fact, succeeded in what he had intended. He made the auditory mischievous when he gave them an inkling of their power. "Ay, gentlemen," he cried, "shout for that poor lady! And I would that the thunder of your resentment could be heard across the way, and further yet—across the park, gentlemen—as one of these days it will be heard. And then, gentlemen, and then—God help 'em!" None of this was very wise talk; but it was exciting enough. By the time Vernour rose for his turn it was plain that mischief was afloat.

He stood up in his place and held his head high; and the gesture contributed not a little to an effect which to one at least of his audience was overwhelming. It is not often that one's preconception of character is borne out by evidence so various as outward bearing and audible speech may be. But Vernour seemed—proved himself—to Miss Chambre to be all of a piece. She had built him up from a moment's glimpse of his stiff head and hot eyes; she had pictured him then as a man of destiny. Nothing she had ever seen or heard of him had detracted from

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that image. In his own house—with the stuff of his business about him—he had never compromised; in the garden of her great house it had been she who had gone to him, and he who had waited for her to come; and now, lastly, here, he spoke to the people as to her in the garden, in a manner assuredly innate. He was quiet, plain, succinct, with much in reserve. He had all the effect of meaning more than he said—which in oratory is the great effect; and he seemed to be in a position to threaten and to have certain knowledge which would make threats good. The thrilling undercurrent of personal triumph—she may have fancied that. . . . "I myself have felt the hand of tyranny on my neck, I myself have been pushed into the mire—but by the grace of God I am here to tell you so. If there is anything harder to bear than undeserved shame, I know not what it may be. It makes men mad, it makes them as wicked as their oppressors—and so the devil's work goes on. . . . What sustained me, lifted me up from the pit of degradation where I was soused, is to you no matter, though to me it is all the world; but in kind the same solace is with that great man whom the tyrants of England think to have drowned. They have not drowned him, for you are holding up his head. They are here, listening to you and me. They dare us to save our hero's life . . . let them dare, but if they are wise they will stop in time. . . ." The audience was stirred with this piece of news; heads turned curiously; men looked at their neighbours; at the bottom of the hall somebody cried out, "Damn the spies!"

Vernour ended with a device which he may perhaps have got out of the Latin Syntax. "The people is enormously patient—we may pride ourselves on that—and it is slow. We may pride ourselves on that, too, for this slowness and this patience are signs of enormous strength. Woe upon him who tempts the people! He will flog one man too many, imprison one man too long, and then—" He stopped in a dead silence; it was a fine rhetorical trick. His eyes shone, his head was high. He composed his voice to finish. "And then—all over, gentlemen, all over! That is revolution." He sat down, and there was a short silence before the storm began.

It began with a vague, indefinable stir, half shuffling of feet, half humming of voices all confused together; and then, no one knew exactly how, one man had another by the neck, three or four jumped up at once in different parts of the hall, crying, "To hell with the spies! To hell with 'em!" The room seemed aswarm with white faces and tossing arms, and there was a continuous roar like that of the wind at night. Captain Ranald could be seen gesticulating from the hustings, but not heard; Mr. Wardle was buttoning his coat. Vernour, Miss Chambre watching him, stood with his arms folded, looking on what he had done—as if he had known as much before—his brows knitted, his chin sunk in his breast.

Rodono made her jump by his words in her ear. She had been far away. "We'll be out of this, I think, while we've time." The ladies rose and followed him down the stair; it would be necessary for them to enter the room and creep along by the wall to the door; but they were too late. The constables were in, using their staves, and the place was like the trenches with the bayonets at work. "Get back, get back," Rodono called over his shoulder, but Miss Chambre was already beside him, clear of the door; and almost immediately the lights were blown out. Rodono held the gallery-door, and his womankind clung together behind it. The fighting had settled down to serious work; the only sounds to be heard were grunts, groans, and deep breathing, with now and then the thwacks of a club and a curse or cry of rage.

Whether Miss Chambre was frightened or not I cannot say for certain. All I know is that she leaned with her back to the wall, in complete darkness, and made no effort to gain the shelter of Lord Rodono's back. Her position was not without danger, for fighting or scuffling was going on so close to her that at times her cloak was swept forward or backward, and she might very well have been drawn into the thick of it; her foot was trodden; at any moment she could have become involved. How long she could have remained safely there, how long she

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did remain, neither she knew nor do I; but she heard herself called, distinctly, by name—out of the dark, as before when she had stood waiting on the balcony—out of the dark, "Hermia—Hermia Mary," and she answered, "I am here," and held out her hands. They were caught, and by them she was drawn from her place; her form was gained, and she was enclosed in a strong clasp, she was caught up against a strong breast. "My love, my love, Hermia!" Strong breath fanned her face, her lips were possessed—and for a crowning moment she lost consciousness.

"Come, I will take you out of this," Vernour said, and she knew that he could prove his words. Held closely by his arm about her waist, she was half lifted, half led into the air. It was a dark, warm and wet spring night; a hot wind coming in squalls, scudding rain. The cobbles gleamed under the flicker of lamps which swung and tossed as the gust caught them. In the crowd about the door, and in the semi-darkness of the night, his arm still held her closely; but as they got free of people he let her go, and they walked together in silence, she, at least, very incapable of speech.

When he spoke it was in his ordinary, carefully contained tone. "You are hurt? You are frightened? That's not possible."

"No, no—not frightened." For her life she could not have said more. Nothing in the world frightened her but himself. He praised her courage.

"I was a fool to say what I knew could not be true. Nothing could frighten you."

"No," she said—"nothing now."

He looked at her. "Why did you sigh?"

"Because you praise me. Because I am happy."

He threw his head up and laughed. "The good reason! The best! Come, I will escort you to your door. You are in Clarges Street?"

"Yes—but how did you——?"

"It is my business to know everything about you. You have to be served wherever you may be. You have given me leave to do that."

"Am I to have my flowers—still? Now?"

"Surely," he said. "You are to have them till I die."

She thought this a wonderful thing—and told him so. What she did not add—perhaps she did not realise it yet—was that she wanted no more flowers. They, which had meant so much, now meant little; but she opened her cloak and showed him. "See," she said, "my badge."

"I saw it long ago. I gloried in you for that. Will you take my arm?" She put her hand lightly upon it, and they went on together so.

They walked slowly—there was every reason not to hurry; they talked little, and she found out that her own class talks too much. There was no awkwardness in silence; it seemed to her, still trembling from his embrace, still conscious of her kissed lips, that there could never have been a day when she had not been in love with Vernour. If love was new to her, so was he. He was outside all her experience; she had known men strong, but not in this way. They expressed it by speech, he by refraining from speech. If they loved her, they told her so; but she believed the more in this man's love the less he said of it. So she walked in miracle, in touch with a miraculous being, with a heart too full even for wonder. She would have walked into the Thames had he chosen it, or up to a cannon's mouth. She discussed nothing unless he opened upon the subject—neither plans nor the past; but she did ask him how he had found her, and thrilled at his answer: "I knew where you were at every moment of the evening. I saw you come down to the door."

"But you did not look at me: you never did."

"Did I not?" He laughed. "I am always looking at you. I am looking at you now. I am loving you now. I will tell you what I think."

"Tell me, please."

"I think that after to-night I must see you always."

"Yes." He said no more, and she could not. It seemed that she must be forever kept upon the edge of bliss.

She took no thought for the morrow since he, the master of her mind, proposed to her none. She did not ask him

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what she was to say to her grandmother; that lady did not enter her head. She walked by his side—a girl in the spring—utterly contented; and it was not until they were near the door of the house in Clarges Street that she remembered her needs. Her needs? The single need, which was to know when she could see him again. But then, as he made no proposals, it was necessary to stop him.

"Oh," she said, "we are here!"

"Yes, we must go our ways now."

"Will you come no further?"

"I shall take you to the door. It is close by us now."

Her hand pressed his arm—he stooped to her. "My love," he said, "my love!"

"I am to lose you now—it is hard. When will you come again?"

He thought for a moment. "It is very needful to see you soon. Something must be done—settled. I will come into the garden to-morrow night at ten—if you—if it will be possible."

"Possible! Oh, yes. I will be there."

He told her, "It must be for the last time. This cannot go on—on this footing. Now, good-bye. No, no—I must not——"

She held out her hand to him without a word, and he kissed it. He was plainly seen to kiss it by Captain Ranald and Lord Rodono, who were on the doorstep of the house in Clarges Street. How much more these gentlemen had collected it would not be easy to guess.

"Thank God she's safe, at least," said Ranald, and ran down to meet her. "Good Lord, Miss Chambre—and thank the good Lord! We have had half London hunting for you. Rodono and I have just got in—we've been everywhere."

"Thank you, Captain Ranald—I was perfectly safe all the time. I found a friend, or rather he found me: Mr. Vernour."

"Yes," said Ranald very slowly—"yes, I believe that you are safe with Vernour."

Rodono held the door open for her, anxious ladies were in the hall. "Is she—? Have you—? Oh, my dearest, my dearest child!" She was enfolded, kissed, and made much of. But Lord Rodono's chilly eyes looked through her into the wall beyond, seeing nothing. They were like the eyes of a fish, had never been colder.

"Thank you, Lord Rodono, for hunting me," she said, as she ran into the arms of Mrs. Western.

"Tom," said Ranald as he buttoned his great-coat, "I'll take you with me to Brooks's, I think. It'll do you good." So they went together.

CHAPTER XXIX

ORDEAL BY BATTLE

Lord Rodono, at Brooks's with his friend, had been clear as to what he intended to do, so clear and clear in such a way that Ranald could hardly intervene. After all, it was true that Tom was in love; and a man in love may do more than a man out of it. Ranald, when he was pressed, could not admit that he was in love with the lady. He was neutral, he said, not greatly caring whether she married Vernour or not, so long as she married the man of her heart. "I'm not at all in love with her," he said, "but I like her well enough to hope that her marriage will be made in heaven and not in Caryll House. I like her very much indeed; I admire her spirit and good sense; I think she's as handsome a young woman as London contains. I think myself a fool that I am not over head and ears in love—but there I stop. The fact is, I'm not a romantic man, I'm not a philandering man. No offence to you, though."

Lord Rodono, very stiff and staring, consumed brandy and water steadily, stopping only to glare at the fire, strengthen the fold of his arms and tap his foot on the carpet. "This is more than scandalous, upon my heart and conscience. I am more shocked than I can say. She! that peerless, that splendid—Dick Chambre's girl—fine descent on both sides—Fitzgerald blood, Caryll, Botetort—she! and a damned, blood-boltered Radical butcher! Oh, God, Ranald—it makes Othello of me."

"Don't let it make Iago, my friend," said Ranald; "you overdo that battening business—which is sickly work for a man of your parts. The fellow's not a butcher any more, but as good as you or I. For

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that matter, I believe him to be a good deal better." He looked down upon the incensed man rigid in his chair. "I think you may make mischief, Tom—I do, indeed. I know the man and you don't. I tell you again, he's a fine fellow—a man of strength. Could you or I have spoken as he did? Answer for yourself. I know very well that I could not. In what makes a man essentially a gentleman he's well found. I'll go bail for him, Vernour would never stoop to a blackguard thing."

Lord Rodono glared at him. "Has he not, by heaven! Has he not repaid her finely for her generosity? Answer me that."

Ranald thought for a moment before he took up the challenge. He plunged his hands deep in his breeches pockets. "Upon my honour," he said, "I think she'll make him a good wife." Up jumped Rodono, breathing short. "Do you care to laugh at me, Ranald?"

"No, I do not. I mean what I say. I believe in her more than you do, after all, it seems to me; for I'm dead certain that she'd never let a man touch her unless she liked him, nor would like a man unless he were a fine one. I could say no more for my sister—and it ought to come from you rather than me. I confess I don't understand your sort of love, Rodono. You say, I adore this lady, I believe her to be all that is excellent in women—on condition that she loves me. The moment she chooses for somebody else you cease to believe in her, but go on loving. My good friend, you'll forgive me for saying that that is more like craving than loving."

Lord Rodono regarded him coldly and then turned on his heel. "I wish you good-night, Ranald," he said over his shoulder as he went. It's ill reasoning with an angry man. Ranald let him go.

The meeting took place in the garden at the appointed hour. Her ladyship had dined abroad, and Hermia was to be escorted to join her at eleven, then to be taken to a party at Lady Crowland's. Dining alone—for Harriet was away—she had fidgeted herself into a fever for the keeping of her tryst; and this made her very shy and very humble. Her lover's conduct drove her bashfulness out of her. He was grave and unapproachable. "My love," he said, "I am greatly to blame for this underhand way in which I lead you. I beg your pardon; there shall be no more."

Frightened out of her wits, she begged him to explain himself. Did he—could he mean—? Oh, no, no, he could not mean— She was timid, but with all the world at stake she drew near and touched him on the arm. He gave a short cry and took her. She gave him her lips, which he had made his already. He strained her to his breast. Quite out of herself, she lay weeping in his arms.

He mastered his transport with another cry which sounded as if he were angry, and would have put her away; but now she would not go. The fountain of her heart was unsealed now; her lips had been conquered, her waist made prisoner. Hugging her chains, she must give him all—nay, she could not be denied that bliss. So it was, "Hold me, oh my love, kiss me, touch me. Let me know myself yours." For a moment he yielded to her desire, but only for a moment. Resolutely then he put her from him and told her that they must meet no more until they could meet the world. Even she acknowledged the difficulty there, and had to own that she didn't know how to go to work. He said, with his head high, that he should wait upon her ladyship in the morning, and then she had to tell him how far out of the question that was. "They will insult you, and I couldn't bear that."

"Better me than you, my dear," said he; but she denied it.

"I know granny very well. She will not hurt me at all; she will be very cold; she will send me to my room and keep me there—I shall stop in it—as I did before when—I saw you for the first—no, for the second time. In the end she will either forget me, and I shall walk out, or she will open the door for me herself and tell me to do as I please. You know, David, that I am of age. But I must tell you one thing—if you take me, you will take a beggar. I have a little money now—more since my darling brother died—but it all goes if I don't marry granny's choice."

"My love," he said, "I want none of

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your money. I am well enough in money —but I shall need all your forbearance. You know me as I am—you have seen me as I must be—" His broken voice made her cry; she could have kneeled to him. She came to him, took his hand, lifted it and kissed it. "My King David —my king of men." He put his arm about her very gently, and, stooping, kissed her lips. "You will make me a king yet, my love. I will be—I can be whatever you choose to have me. Now leave me, my soul—I will see your grandmother in the morning—and you again when I have earned you."

This was so serious that she had at all costs to stop it by telling him that she intended to tell the story to-night. "Come, if it seems good to you, David, to-morrow. I assure you that you will do me harm if you do. I can bear that—I can bear anything you bid me; but you will hurt me very much—I must tell you that." In the end he gave in. He would not come until he was sent for, he promised her.

Then he was all for going, with as little ceremony as might be—and she all for keeping him by her. All the witchery of woman was now at her command—and when she couldn't move him, she threw herself upon him, sobbing and imploring, "Once, David—please, once! Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do!"

He put his hands upon her shoulders and gently held her away. "My dear, you mustn't cry, you mustn't, indeed. No, no—I'm very nearly lost—but now I'll never give in. Hermia, listen to me now. I'm strong again, thank the Lord. I love you so well that I dare not touch you until we have told our tale to the world. You won't ask me—you will never ask me. Oh, I know you—you will never ask me. If you love me now you will go in."

She stopped her crying at once and of her own accord stepped back out of his reach. "Yes, I will obey you. I beg your pardon. Good-night." She turned and went to the house without looking back.

Vernour watched her as far as the light could discover her to him, and waited for the door to close upon her before he left the garden. Then he went to the gap in the wall—Lady Hermione's gap, not yet repaired—and jumped for it, pulled himself up, and dropped into the park, almost at the feet of a tall gentleman, waiting there, evidently, for him—a gentleman in a cocked hat and cloak, distinguishable by a white muffler round his neck. It was so obvious, his awaiting, that Vernour waited also.

The stranger had a harsh and stern voice. "A word with you—you who are in and out like a thief."

"Who are you that speak so to me?"

He was answered, "One with a right. My name is Turnbull. They call me Lord Rodono."

Vernour inclined his head ever so slightly. "I have heard of your lordship. For the sake of what I have heard I will tell you this. The last thief in and out of here was Colonel Chambre, and I have the word of his daughter for it."

This was a palpable hit. Lord Rodono had no immediate reply. When he found one, he felt that it was lame.

"The cases are not on a level, Vernour. Colonel Chambre was my friend, and a gentleman. He was in all respects her ladyship's equal. You have no such pretensions, I understand."

"I have no pretensions at all, my lord, save those which I can claim from having found favour in Miss Chambre's eyes."

"We will leave names out, if you please. I have used none, and will use none but my own and yours. I deny your right to anything but chastisement."

"Chastisement, my lord!" said Vernour quickly. "Chastisement from——"

"From me, sir."

"What right have you to chastise me?"

"The right which you have to defend yourself. I am a friend and frequenter of this house. It is my business to defend any in it who have no other defenders."

Vernour said, "There are other, more natural defenders," and gave his opponent an advantage.

"The natural defenders are dead, sir," said Rodono; "as you ought—as you seem to have known." Then Vernour recovered his ground.

"I ought to have remembered that, my lord. You are right there. But they being dead, I beg leave to tell your lordship

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that I am now the natural defender of——"

"Damn you! be silent."

"I was silent," said Vernour, "until your lordship interrupted me." Lord Rodono bit his lip.

"Vernour," he said then, "this is to stop. In my opinion, you have betrayed the greatest honour ever paid to a man of your station; you have repaid generosity by the basest ingratitude. You have given treachery for confidence; you are a cheat and a thief."

"I cannot take those words from you, Lord Rodono," said Vernour very quietly, "and I must ask you to withdraw them."

"On the contrary," said Rodono, "I shall repeat them. You are a traitor, a cheat, and a thief."

"My lord," Vernour said, "you must fight me for that."

"I fight with gentlemen, sir, not with butchers."

"Don't let my trade stand in your way, my lord. It should not, for it was your own."

His lordship started. "You are impudent, my man, as well as a rogue, I see."

"Sir," said Vernour, "you were a soldier, I've been told. What difference there may be between us seems to be to my credit. I made sheep bleed, you made men bleed. I carved joints—you carved limbs. You butchered your own kind, you slew men. I made men live. Now, my lord."

"Damn him, he's right there," said Lord Rodono to himself.

"My lord," said Vernour, "you force me to make a boast of my trade—though it is no longer mine—because you disparage me upon grounds not worthy of your occupation. If you had told me I was a vile fellow—a coward, a glutton, a beast, it would have been better, for you might have believed it upon some report. But you know I am none of those, and you choose to say that my rank is not of your own, therefore you will not fight me. I think that you should leave that plea to persons who have no other defence. I am as honest as yourself, my lord, and no readier with my hands, I dare swear. Why, sir, you protect yourself in the manner of my Lord Morfa, who, having staked my horse and damned me for a tradesman, cried out, in his own forecourt, that he dared such a blackguard to lay hands on a lord. I am no more bound to listen to you with such a plea in your mouth than I was to listen to him. If I am to believe you a man of the sort, and go from you now, you will call me a coward and say that I shirked an encounter. If I am to credit your behaviour on this occasion, such blame from you will be better than your praise. I wish you good-night." He turned and walked a few steps of his way home; but Lord Rodono followed him.

"Vernour," he said, "I'll fight you if you please."

"Where?" says Vernour.

"Why, we'll go in the park, I think," said his lordship. "We'll be snug enough there."

"Come along, my lord," the other replied. So they went.

Across the Knightsbridge Road, with its scattered edging of little white villas in their gardens, lay Hyde Park, behind a low fence of post and rail. Save for a transient cry now and then from some outcast wandering there, the place seemed a desert. In the midst of a grove of elms these two young men stripped to the shirt and fought, but before they began Vernour said, "Bear me witness, my lord, that I do this against my will. But so it is that you have put more scorn upon me than I can bear, honoured as I have been of late, glorified as I am now. For this reason I must fight with you—but I'd ask a favour of your lordship, to shake hands before we begin."

"I won't refuse that," said the young lord. They shook hands and faced each other.

They were much of a height, but in girth the butcher was the finer man, and in length of reach, in wind and agility unquestionably the finer. Lord Rodono had science—every man had in that day; this was not the first time he had stripped for battle; Vernour had, perhaps, less—but he had the cooler temper.

They fought three rounds, during the first of which Rodono did all the work he was able, and Vernour had as much as he could do to stop him without savagery. It may have lasted four or five minutes, and need not have taken two. Rodono's

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wind—none too good—failed him, and in the end he fell. The second was shorter. Rodono made a rush, and was stopped; he made another in which he closed; a brief mill finished him, and again he fell. In the third round Vernour, who was perfectly fresh, forced the fighting—honestly wishing to be merciful—beat down his man's guard and caught him under the chin with his left. Lord Rodono fell once more, and lay still.

"Are you hurt, my lord? Are you hurt?" Vernour was kneeling by him now, hovering and anxious. Rodono presently sat up. "No, no, not at all. You've done your business very well. Help me up, will you?" He did; the two shook hands.

"Now I'll tell you, Vernour," said Rodono, "that I am a suitor for the hand of the lady to whom you pretend." Vernour said nothing; so he went on. "That gives me no right to use words to you which you properly resented—and punished; but I am not able to agree with you in the suitability of the arrangement you propose. I am quite sincere in saying that I shall oppose this match tooth and nail, simply on this ground, that it will end in misery, and a kind of life which no lady, brought up as this lady has been, ought to be called upon to face. What influence I have will be used against you, and you will wrong me if you think I do it for my own prospects. You will wrong me, I say."

"I will never wrong your lordship," said Vernour quickly. "I believe what you tell me. Now, let me tell your lordship this. That lady has given me proof undeniable that I have won her heart. She has told me that I did that without speaking with her more than once or seeing her more than thrice. I admit that I courted her, after she had paid me great honour, by a way of my own. But I never hoped to win her, and I should have continued my courtship until she asked me to stop, whether she was to be lost or won. Courtship! It was not that in the beginning—it was like the homage you pay to your king! It was not until I saw that she wore my flowers——"

"What!" cried Rodono, staring. "It was you—those white violets! By God, man, you're the poet, I see."

"You flatter me, my lord," said Vernour. "I'm no poet. But I had to offer the best thing I could find to the noblest being I had ever dreamed of. She'll have them till I die."

"I see that I've been floored by a proper man," said Lord Rodono. "I'll think this out. Good-night." They shook hands and parted. So much for ancient chivalry, not dead, the reader perceives, in 1810.

Men fight for women, women for their souls. Hermia, in a tremble of excitement, waited for her grandmother outside the house in Bruton Street, where her ladyship had dined, knowing full well that her battle was to come. Her suspense had to endure, as best it might, through an hour or more of chatter and gallantry at Crowland House—Tom Moore's effervescence, Sidney Smith's acidity, Mr. Rogers's astringency, and Mr. Greville's asperity. When they were in the great chariot, rumbling home through the empty Kensington roads, she plunged into her subject headlong. She spoke too fast, because her breath failed her. She had learned her opening by heart, but got it wrongly.

"I think it right to tell you, grandmamma, that I have been asked—that for some time past I have been thinking—great attentions have been paid me by a gentleman—and I have—I have allowed——"

"Your cousin, George Coigne, I suppose you mean," said her ladyship; but Hermia said that it was not. "I know that you had the thought in your head that George and I might be married; but as you said nothing to me about it, I didn't like to tell you that it was out of the question."

"Oh, indeed," said Lady Morfa, in her ordinary voice. Those who suppose that she would alter that by a quarter-tone to answer, say, the Last Trumpet, do not know yet the Queen Mother of the Carylls. It was dark in the carriage, and not possible to see the stiffening old head or the blinking of the fierce old eyes. "Oh, indeed! Then, pray, who is this gentleman?"

"It is a gentleman whom I have met but two or three times, though I know a

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great deal of him—otherwise, and esteem all that I know. For nearly a year he has sent me flowers—you may have seen them."

"No, my dear," said Lady Morfa, "I assure you that this is the first I have heard of it, though no doubt I am the only person in the house who is ignorant."

"I fancy that you are," said Miss Chambre. "I have worn them daily or nightly ever since they began to come. White violets."

"Ah, yes," said Lady Morfa, "now I think I have noticed them. Please to go on."

"The gift, the continuance of it, the nature of it—and other things about it—touched me greatly. I thought of it often; and so, when the giver of it spoke to me, I consented to hear him—and I must consider myself engaged. Of course, I know very well——"

"What I suppose you know by this time, though I have no proof of it, is this gentleman's name?"

"Grandmamma, that's not quite fair, because, if you remember, I told you that I knew a great deal about him. I know it perfectly well, and so do you—but you won't like it at all, I'm afraid. I must tell you first that I have thought very seriously about it—it is very strange, but I think I have been—interested in him for a long, long time. And now I have given him my word, and can never give him up. He is Mr. David Vernour."

Lady Morfa started. "You are mad," she said.

"No, no, I can't allow that. I love him dearly."

Lady Morfa certainly shivered—but it was her every-day voice which said, "I am much obliged to you for this news." And then she said nothing more. Hermia was on the point to speak more than once, but each time checked herself. Of what use to speak? She knew what was to be done to her.

As the carriage entered the gates Lady Morfa did speak. She said, "Will you have the goodness to remain in your room to-morrow until I see you? I shall have something to say."

"Yes, granny, certainly."

She said also, "Good-night, granny," as she went upstairs, but got no reply.

Lady Morfa had a command for her maid. "I wish to speak to Moth here before she goes to bed; and to-morrow morning let Miss Moon see me so soon as she leaves her room."

Mrs. Moth came fluttering in to find her ladyship bolt upright in her chair before the fire.

"Moth," said the Queen Mother, "you will leave this house to-morrow morning. The steward will have your wages ready for you. You will get no character from me but a true one, and therefore I advise you not to apply for it."

"Very good, my lady," faltered Mrs. Moth, curtseyed and withdrew.

To Harriet Moon the same fate was decreed. "You will leave this house by midday. You will have no communication with any person here except Mr. Hanse, who will pay you what is due."

"Yes, my lady," the brown-eyed girl whispered, curtseyed and withdrew. But it is to be stated of her that a communication was made—not with Mr. Hanse.

CHAPTER XXX

WHICH ATTACKS IN FLANK

Mrs. George Fox, that bosom friend of Hermia's, had come post-haste to town, anxious to know the worst. She arrived two or three days only after the girl's imprisonment, and saw Lady Morfa. A charming, motherly, kind-eyed woman, soft and round and purring, was Mrs. George Fox.

"Oh, Lady Morfa, I have had such an uncomfortable letter from Hermy that I haven't been able to rest for worrying about it. Pray, pray, tell me what it means."

"It means," said Lady Morfa, "that she proposes to disgrace my name."

"Oh, but that is terrible—that is not possible!"

"It is, unfortunately, very possible, and it would be terrible if she were to do it. But she will not."

Mrs. Fox was nearly speechless, but luckily she was curious.

"I feared—when I received her letter—the letter, I assure you, of one—I hardly know—of one fixed in purpose—of one under a terrible fate! Lady Morfa, who

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is this man? She mentioned no name—she even said that she was not sure——"

"I can imagine that she would not care to mention it. It is a tradesman—a tradesman's son. He is a Radical—I don't give that as an excuse, far from it."

"A Radical—ah!" It was a good deal of excuse to Mrs. Fox. "Hermy's ideas, you know, Lady Morfa! Well, it is just what poor Lord Edward would have done—*just!*"

"To my mind," said her ladyship, "it is very much what Lord Edward *did* do—if he didn't do worse—but I can hardly enter into such matters with you."

"No," said the anxious lady, not knowing what other reply was expected of her.

"You can suppose," continued her ladyship, "that this intelligence was unwelcome. I cannot say that it was unexpected. Arrangements had been made for an alliance eminently suitable to my granddaughter's position and prospects. Sir George Coigne, my nephew—everything that one could wish—a really fine property—a powerful county influence—but I need not fatigue you with particulars."

"Pray spare yourself, dear Lady Morfa."

"I have taken proper steps to protect this unfortunate girl against herself and her seducers——"

"Oh, pray, pray—!" cried Mrs. Fox, but Lady Morfa was not to be prayed.

"I say her seducers, for I think there were more than one. I have dismissed her waiting-woman and a young person who had stood for some years in a confidential capacity to me personally, but with whom, I am sorry to say, Hermia had chosen to become unduly intimate. Nothing could really have been expected of such an intimacy but what has happened. That person left my house the day after I had been told what was going on. I think that she regretted the return she had made me for a good deal of kindness, one way with another. What I propose to do now is to apply to the Lord Chancellor to have the girl made a ward of court."

"Very wisely, no doubt," murmured Mrs. Fox—and then with clasped hands and a tear in the voice she urged, "Oh, Lady Morfa, may I—might I—see her? I love her so dearly—we are such old friends."

"Really, I will ask you not to hope for that at present," said her ladyship. "No good could be expected—at present—from any such kindness as I am sure you meditate. I have not yet seen her myself. Seclusion, thought (I hope), repentance——"

"Prayer," the other lady suggested, at random.

"Prayer? Ah, no doubt—very right and proper," said her ladyship loftily—but she didn't like it. Any suggestion that application could be addressed elsewhere than to herself offended her a good deal.

That really closed the discussion. Mrs. Fox took her leave, with the statement that she should remain in town for some few weeks—at the house of her cousin, Lord Nahir—a respectable, though Irish viscount.

A particular bitterness of Lady Morfa's had not been mentioned by her, and could never have been mentioned by her to a Mrs. Fox. It is doubtful whether a Marquis of Badlesmere—a Botetort and her brother—or an Honourable Venerable—an Archdeacon and a Caryll—could have been told a secret so mortifying. It was that both her son and nephew—the head of the Carylls and Sir George Coigne—had shown much more concern over the dismissal of Miss Harriet Moon than for Hermia Mary's desperate disgrace. Lord Morfa had turned very white when he heard it. At the Vernour story he had chuckled—"What a go!" he had said. "Hope that stilted beast Sandgate will feel happy. Nastyish for Tom—eh, ma'am? By Gad, I must let Prinny know about this. That man Vernour—did you hear, ma'am?—he's a champion, by Gad! He is, though. He had a battle on Stockbridge Down with Exeter Jack, and knocked him out in three rounds! No wonder Beauty got his nose dabbed! My word, though—Hermy, eh? Well, that beats the cocks—by Gad, it does——" And more to the same elementary effect.

But when his mother told him of condign punishment upon the sly Moon, he turned sick white. "You've done that! You've sent her packing! Oh, I don't—

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I can't——!" Then, after a pause, "I tell you, ma'am, you've made mischief. You'd no business to interfere."

"Interfere, Roderick!"

"Well—what I mean is—you've made mischief—damnable mischief! No, no—I can't hear you—I can't talk about Miss Moon to you. Look here, ma'am—that was an infernal shame! She was innocent as a babe unborn—and you know that very well. You never liked her—you know you didn't; and she was afraid of you, and showed it, and you bullied her. Poor little girl—poor little Harriet! I tell you what it is, ma'am, I'm upset—I'm downright ill at such infern—at such injustice. Tyranny, I call that—rank tyranny!"

"Roderick, Roderick—my son! what are you saying to me?"

"I'm telling you what I think of what you've chosen to do. Wreak your vengeance on the family, ma'am, if you please. You've shocked me—I wouldn't have had such a thing done in my house for ten thousand pounds—I wish you joy of your work, Lady Morfa—and good-morning to you." He had gone out of the room—she heard him shouting for his man—and she had not been able to move. His valet came anxiously to her. "His lordship's compliments, my lady, and he wishes for the keys of the corridor." Positively so; and she had sent them. He must have gone to see Hermia—and she let him go. He had left the house—his trunks (a round dozen of them) followed with his secretary in a hackney-coach, his valet on the box—and she not able to move; and she had seen no more of him. This made her very ill; but Sir George's tears—yes, his round eyes had brimmed over, the man—a Botetort and a baronet—had fairly blubbered over the wrongs of a Moon—this, very fortunately, strengthened her. She found herself again, as they say; and the close imprisonment of Hermia Mary went on.

The child's friends, meantime, were active, for the story was all about the town. Tom Creevy was heard whispering and chuckling about it to Mr. Sheridan at Brooks's; but he stopped when Lord Sandgate came into the room. "Sandgate's been hit"—he told his friend—"badly hit, he's been. I happen to know." What was there Tom Creevy did not happen to know? Mighty little, I suspect.

It was Mrs. Fox who took the tale to Lady Grizel—to whom her brother Rodono had vouchsafed nothing of it; but for all that Lady Grizel had had it, in a letter from the disgraced girl herself—a letter written that first night of her incarceration, and actually in Moth's pocket at the moment of her dismissal; and Moth had related all that the letter did not. Hermia's letter had been very short:

"DEAREST GRIZEL: I must tell you how proud and happy I am to have won the love and respect of Mr. Vernour. I have been engaged to him for ten days, and every moment since then has but added to the honour he has done me. I hope I shall make him a good and obedient wife. I shall try my hardest, and know he will be very patient. Granny is *horrified*—but that makes no difference. With fondest love,

"Ever your HERMY.

"P. S.—If you think that my news would interest dear Lord Drem and your brother, will you tell them how proud I am?"

That was a difficult letter to deal with. Old Lord Drem said that he didn't understand it; such things had not been done in his time—at least, he could only recollect one case—that of Sophia Weyburn who had married a Glasgow notary—and there had been cogent reasons for that. All he could say was that it pointed to a very exceptional young man, or a very exceptional young lady. Lord Rodono said nothing, but his sister saw the chill settle on his blue eyes. As for herself, her feelings may perhaps be gathered from her reply—which never reached its address:

"DEAREST: I can hardly answer your beautiful letter—for beautiful it is, whatever one may think of its news. My dear, what am I to say about that? All I can urge upon you is reflection, serious and ample reflection. I know your *ideas*, how truly *democratic* you are, and perhaps I ought to be able to follow you, and indeed in *opinion* I do—but in *judgment*,

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dearest love, I cannot, at present. How much can you, how little do you not, know of Mr. V.? Pray think of this, and do nothing precipitate. Dear papa was very kind. You know the Drum-Major's way! I have told Tom—I thought it kinder. He said nothing—but he was very much moved. At any rate, you have *three friends* in this house—and always will have. Count upon us, my love, I implore you. I shall try to prevail upon Lady M. to let me see you for a minute—or even to speak with you through the *keyhole!* Darling Hermy, my heart is *wae* for you.

"GRIZEL."

This letter was not opened, but was left with others addressed to the prisoner on her ladyship's escritoire.

Upon that same escritoire, upon a day to be shortly named, lay two other letters in Lady Morfa's hand, sealed with the Caryll seal, one addressed to Thomas Vernour—Brook Street—and the other to the Marquis of Badlesmere, K. G., of which letter I shall not speak further than to say that it requested that nobleman to invoke the powers of Lord Eldon in her favour. The letter to Vernour the elder ran thus:

"The Countess of Morfa has to inform T. Vernour that his visits to Caryll House for custom must instantly cease. Her ladyship believes that Vernour will understand the reason of this order, and has further to say that any appearance of either Thomas or David Vernour will be followed by an action for trespass. The Countess of Morfa cannot condescend to particulars of offences peculiarly abominable which have rendered summary measures necessary. Caryll House, April 30th, 1810."

Now for the reason why that letter was never sent.

On the morning of April 30th—Hermia having been imprisoned for some ten days—a Mr. Custance called at Caryll House and was introduced into Lady Morfa's room; a grave, elderly man, considerably bald, low-voiced, sententious, and a lawyer. He made a ceremonious bow at the door; he advanced, as it were, soft-footed to the middle of the room; bowed again, with his hat covering his heart. "Madam," he said, "my lady——" and then he came near to the table and made his final bow.

"Be seated, sir," said Lady Morfa, but with a wave of his hat he excused himself.

"My lady," he said, "I am my Lord Morfa's accredited agent in a matter of some consequence to his lordship and of some interest to yourself." Lady Morfa did not look at him.

"Lord Morfa's agents are familiar to me, by name, at least. I don't recollect that yours is one of them."

"My lady," said Mr. Custance, and produced his pocketbook, and drew from it a card, "here are my credentials—or some of them. The writing upon this card will be very familiar to your ladyship." The card bore the name of Mr. Oliver Custance, Doctors' Commons, and over that "Introduced upon my particular affairs. MORFA."

Lady Morfa moistened her lips as she put the card down. "I will listen to you, sir," she said, "but must beg you to be brief."

"Madam," said Mr. Custance, "I will be brief. I need not, I think, refer at any length to the circumstances—distressing as they must have been—under which my noble client felt it his duty——"

"No, sir," said her ladyship, "you need not. I beg that you will make no reference whatever to any matter which is not your immediate concern. I asked you to be brief, and you threaten to be lengthy. Have the goodness to inform me of your actual business here."

"My lady——" Mr. Custance was disturbed.

"Your business, sir, if you please."

"I will obey you, my lady. I have the honour to inform your ladyship that your son, my Lord Morfa, was married yesterday by special license to Miss Harriet Moon. Lord and Lady Morfa have repaired to Brighton for a short visit, but propose returning to town shortly—I think to a house in Curzon Street, but am not yet fully advised. My lady, I regret this abrupt——" There he stopped, because he observed that Lady Morfa's head was sunk and nodding helplessly to her breast. Dull purple suffused her cheeks, her breath came shuddering and

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thick. Mr. Custance crossed the room rapidly and pulled the bell. Assistance was not long in coming. Her ladyship was got to bed; and Hermia Mary left her prison to watch by her grandmother's side.

From that silent bedside, in the watches of the night, she wrote to Vernour:

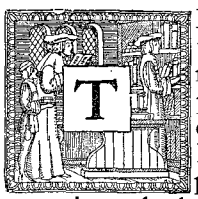
"My grandmamma is very ill, and I must not leave her yet, though she has been cruel to you and to me. You have my heart, and can direct my will, but I know that you will ask nothing of me which I ought not to do. Write to me, and tell me that you trust me. Nothing can keep me from you when you call me.

"HERMIA MARY."

Next day she was in the arms of Mary Fox.

(*To be concluded*)

THE HAMMOCK NOVEL AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



THIS is the time of year when, if publishers' announcements and newspaper reviews are to be credited, the Hammock Novel, like Georgia peaches and native green-corn, is at the height of its season. And notwithstanding the fact that no two people quite agree in their definition of the Hammock Novel, there is something undeniably alluring in the term, something that is pleasantly associated in the minds of most of us with the gentle and seasonable art of loafing. The Hammock Novel—does it not suggest the luxury of sheltered quiet and grateful breezes, the temporary casting off of care, the joy of well-earned indolence in company with just the book craved by the mood that asks only to be lightly entertained? Ah, yes, we each of us know precisely what we mean individually by a Hammock Novel; we could most of us make a little list of the books which we have tried in the balance and found not wanting in the qualities of Hammock Novels; but if we are discreet we will not recommend them as such to our friends. The Hammock Novel, like most things that pertain to our immediate physical and mental enjoyment, involves the question of the personal equation. Unlike the Epic Novel or the Purpose Novel or the Historical Novel, it is not the definite label of genus or species, for theoretically it may include as many varieties as there are of men and women who know the relaxation of a hammock.

And yet while what may be your Hammock Novel may not necessarily be mine, there are certain qualities common to the whole class of fiction that belongs by right to the shadiest corner of the side piazza. In the first place, the Hammock Novel has little in common with the realistic school. The sin and sorrow and sordidness of life are the things that you are most anxious to forget during the utter indolence of an August afternoon. That is the time when you would read rather of life as you would like to have it than of life as it is; and the books that you welcome are those that show you a world where chivalry is always victorious, where daring gambles with fortune always win out, where the sun shines and the birds sing and the roses bloom at their appointed hour unfailingly, and the one man in the world finds and woos and wins the one perfect woman. That in the main is the formula of the novel of the hammock, and a wonderfully elastic formula it proves to be in practice. It meets the needs of Stanley Weyman and Seton Merriman as well as of William Black or Marion Crawford; it serves the purpose of George Barr McCutcheon and

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Harold MacGrath no less than that of Henry Harland and Justin Huntly McCarthy. In short, it is the enduring formula of romantic optimism, the spirit of unquenchable youth in fiction. And although you are under no compulsion to admire any particular volume of Stanley Weyman or George McCutcheon, yet the man or woman who no longer knows the appeal of optimistic romance has simply forgotten how it feels to be young.

But beyond this vague generalisation it seems purposeless to develop the definition of the Hammock Novel. It is a waking day-dream in portable form, a day-dream involving the sort of people we would gladly know, doing the sort of things we would gladly do were we not too conventional, too indolent, too lacking in the spirit of adventure. It is a magic mirror in which we fancy that we see ourselves achieving the wild fantastic ambitions of earlier years. The hammock sways somnolently, the hand that holds the book unconsciously sinks and the mind wanders far afield, following the visions of what might have been. And this is why the best of summer novels are not those which inexorably grip your attention and force you to read feverishly to the end, forgetful of the height of the mercury and the density of the air; but rather those that, like a tactful friend, will now and then await their turn and let you follow your own thoughts uninterrupted. One reason why the *Dolly Dialogues* is a little classic of its kind is that you may throw it down and take it up again, no matter how often, no matter at what point, and always find a renewal of the same light effervescent humour.

Other things being equal, the novel that contains something of the champagne quality of sunlight and clear waters and woman's laughter is the one that takes the captious fancy of the summer reader. The smell of balsam, the fragrance of salt spray, the sense of rapid motion down lengthening avenues or over rushing waves are now and then caught in the pages of a book with such fidelity that one feels a tingle of exhilaration as one reads. The novel that leads you pleasantly on a jaunt through foreign lands is another type that well deserves its popularity. It is such an easy, lazy, expeditious way to travel, with none of the dust and worry and fatigue of the actual accomplishment. One looks back wistfully to the summer novels of a generation ago. Has any actual roaming through the highways and byways of England brought keener enjoyment than the first perusal of *The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton?* Did the realities of Egypt and the Nile quite correspond with the expectations raised by an unpretentious little black-bound volume called *Kismet,* first issued in the No Name Series? And what fancy ever painted the glories of Rome in more roseate hues than did the pen of Joaquin Miller in that well-nigh forgotten novel, *The One Fair Woman?* It was melodrama, of course—rank melodrama in spots—but it was written under the glamour of the author's honeymoon, and something of his own intimate emotions worked themselves into the tissues of it. The present writer would not for worlds spoil an old illusion by rereading *The One Fair Woman* to-day; yet such was the early impression made by that book that certain spots in Rome still remain pre-eminently the Rome of Joaquin Miller.

And this brings us back again to the simple axiom that it needs the enthusiasm of youth to do justice to the typical Hammock Novel. It needs the enthusiasm of youth to do justice, for instance, to such a volume as *The Castle of Doubt,* by John H. Whitson. There is a certain young person to whose judgment the present reviewer occasionally defers volumes of this class for the sake of the enlightenment to be derived from a fresher and less prejudiced point of view. This young person aforesaid, after an absorbed perusal, pronounced it, with that cheerful positiveness that experience so soon takes from us, "the very best book that was ever written!" And the mere fact that the same judgment, in the same identical words, was passed upon *Beverly of Graustark* and a score of other novels in the interval does not rob it of its value as an index to the class in which *The Castle of Doubt* belongs—the class of books written for that optimistic age that still can believe, if only for twenty-four

"The Castle of Doubt"

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hours, that the book last read is the best book ever written!

The keynote of *The Castle of Doubt* may be struck in a few words. Imagine a young man strolling one day in Central Park, when he is accosted from a carriage by a witching voice, and a charming young woman, whom to the best of his recollection he never saw before, claims him as her husband and carries him home with her, a much-bewildered but not wholly reluctant captive. It ought to be easy, the young man thinks, to convince his captor that it is a case of mistaken identity, that his name is not Julian, and that the loving attentions she showers upon him, however agreeable, belong to another man. But his protests are unheeded, brushed aside as one more symptom of the strange brain trouble which led a young husband a year ago to abandon his bride of a few months, disappear out of her life, and leave her to mourn him as dead. The captive believes in his own mind that the simple explanation is that the real husband is dead—for what other set of facts would explain how any man could desert a woman charming enough to make a stranger fall in love with her at first sight? But theorise and argue as he will, "Julian" he is to the wife, to the wife's sister, to relatives, friends and servants; even the valet who shaves him declares that he would have known that chin out of a thousand. It is certainly disconcerting to find the privileges and obligations of matrimony suddenly thrust upon one, and for a self-conscious interloper the hero bears himself remarkably well. The resemblance to the situation in *The Masquerader* is of course too obvious to escape notice; but there is a fundamental difference between the two plots, which the author cleverly keeps secret until the closing chapter, and which it would be a breach of confidence on the part of the reviewer to reveal.

"The Gates of Kamt"

For those who number Mr. Rider Haggard in their list of hammock novelists, *The Gates of Kamt*, by Mr. Haggard's latest disciple, the Baroness Orczy, may be recommended with some assurance. When quite recently the author of *She* gave forth his long-promised sequel, the genuine disappointment that many of his readers felt was accompanied by an uneasy doubt that the fault lay with them quite as much as with the author—that it was the popular taste rather than Mr. Haggard's powers that had changed. *The Gates of Kamt* serves as a convenient touchstone by which to solve this question. Of its kind it is a rather remarkable piece of work, quite in the manner of *She* and *King Solomon's Mines*, and stirring you, despite yourself, with the same old unforgotten thrill. It starts out in the approved style with the discovery of an ancient document, a crumbling strip of papyrus, that costs the life of one scientist and the best years of another to put together. But when interpreted it reveals a secret that sets the patient workers tingling with a delirious excitement. Far back in Egyptian history, after the Sixth Dynasty had finished its labours and had passed away, there comes a break in the records; and when they begin again the grand old people who built the great Pyramid and carved the Sphinx had disappeared and another race seemed to be ruling in their stead. This fragmentary papyrus purports to reveal what happened to them; how, fleeing before the victorious invader, they made their way westward across the rolling sand dunes of the great desert, and there, in inaccessible mountain fastnesses, founded a new kingdom based upon their old laws, their old cult, their old gods, and all their wonderful arts and sciences that the modern world believes to be lost forever. A wild, fabulous, impossible tradition, yet two young Englishmen are credulous enough, mad enough, to venture across the desert alone in quest of this mysterious city of Kamt. What befalls them on their journey, how they make their way over sands white with human bones, how they break in through its copper gateway to the very sanctuary of the mountain city, how they brave the hatred of its priests, the barbarity of its laws, the superstitions of its people, and fall under the spell of the magic beauty of its princess, Neit-Akrit—all this is developed with a vividness of phrase, an opulence of colour that suggest more than once its kinship with Theophile Gautier's well-known *History of a Mummy*. There is no question that

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The Gates of Kamt ranks high in its own class as a piece of pure imaginative audacity.

"Beatrix of Clare"

Mr. John Reed Scott has already proved by his *Colonel of the Red Huzzars* that he can successfully imitate the earlier manner of Stanley Weyman. His new volume, *Beatrix of Clare,* is, if anything, a rather better effort along the same lines. It is an English romance of the time of Richard III., but offers an agreeable change from kindred romances of that period in representing King Richard as a victim of many slanders and a man of many virtues. But royal plots and counter-plots are only a background for throwing into relief the valour of Sir Aymar de Lacy and the beauty of Beatrix of Clare—Beatrix of the grey eyes and the ruddy tresses. Frankly, the substance of the story is quite the accustomed sort of thing, done by a dozen other writers in a score of different settings—but this time done with a freshness and a verve that makes one forgive the familiar situations, the well-worn devices, and for an idle hour quite enjoy the knight's tempestuous wooing of his wilful lady.

By what seems to be a sort of false logic, stories dealing with the loneliness and privation and suffering of arctic winters are usually issued in midsummer, the theory seeming to be that narratives of snow and frost form as grateful a relief in the heat of August as a ride upon an ice-wagon. Where the false reasoning comes in is just here: the whole force of this class of stories lies in making you feel the utter misery of cold; and in mid-August it is difficult to think of snowy plains and frozen rivers as anything else than a priceless boon. The time to read Jack London's Alaska stories or Lawrence Mott's sketches of the fur country is not in summer, but in December, by a glowing fireside, when even the genial glow from blazing logs cannot make you quite forget the driving sleet and nipping frost outside. That is why such a book as Arthur Heming's *Spirit Lake* is not, properly speaking, a Hammock Novel, although it contains undeniably good reading, whether in a hammock or elsewhere. If you are looking for a carefully constructed story, you will be disappointed. It is nothing more than a series of episodes bound together by no stronger thread of unity than that they all depict the adventures of a single family of Canadian Indians during a prosperous season of fur-hunting in the far North. Mr. Heming might, had he chosen, cast the same material in the form of a treatise on Indian customs, Indian psychology, Indian folk-lore. But he chose instead, and perhaps wisely, that wider popular appeal exerted by fiction. No, the book is not properly a novel, but it has an abundance of dramatic force, and there is a simple directness in its style that makes you feel that you are getting pretty close to the truth about the red man of the Canadian fur-lands.

"Spirit Lake"

Max Pemberton is usually a fairly safe choice, if your ideal of hammock fiction requires abundance of sensation and not too much literary quality. *The Diamond Ship* may be classed as a somewhat feverish detective story of the high seas, a sort of Gaboriau and Fenimore Cooper fused into one. Great crimes require great genius—that is the opening note of the book. What more plausible than that there should be some master mind, some Napoleon of crime, who from a safe vantage-ground directs and controls all those famous and mysterious robberies of royal jewels which from time to time baffle the ingenuity of the European police? And if such a master mind exists, where would he be more likely to entrench himself than in a floating fortress, a naval treasure-house, a hiding-place of such fabulous gems that it might well deserve the title of the Diamond Ship? Such is the hypothesis of Mr. Pemberton's latest flight of fancy, and the way in which the piratical craft is pursued over the seven seas, its secret wrested from it, and the indispensable fair lady in distress finally rescued, forms the main fabric of a story which is certainly not lacking in thrills for the reader who likes this particular kind of book.

"The Diamond Ship"

Painted Rock, which its sub-title further defines as "Tales and Narratives of

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"Painted Rock"

Painted Rock, South Panhandle, Texas, told by Charlie Baker, late of that city," is an odd sort of volume to come from the pen of Morley Roberts, but none the less enjoyable for its unexpectedness. Mr. Roberts seems to have caught most admirably the spirit of the Southwest, its ethics, its code of manners, and, best of all, its inimitable breeziness of speech. Each reader will pick out his own favourites from among these graphic and virile little stories, but a fairly safe choice lies in "The Man Underneath" and "An Exile from 'God's Country.'" The former of these two is a study of the transformation wrought in a conservative, law-abiding Englishman, a mere "bookworm," and a legal bookworm at that, yet who had beneath the surface, and not so very far beneath, as matters turned out, "the spark that means primeval force." Tom Willett never wanted to leave, never dreamed of leaving, his English home, his English routine, his English law-books until the news came that his only brother, bold, reckless, dare-devil Jack Willett, had been shot and killed in Texas, "the land where people don't jostle one unless they're looking for death and can face it smiling." Tom promptly feels the stirring of the primitive, neolithic man hidden beneath the veneer of English culture, goes to Texas to avenge his brother's death, legally if he can, but in any case to avenge it. And in the end he does so in the most approved Texan style, and the curtain runs down upon him still standing with the barrel of his pistol smoking and with his face as hard as the face of "Justice throned upon immemorial law." The second story tells what happened to one Habersham, whom Ginger Gillett, the sheriff, sized up as a failure because he still looked back to Florida as "God's Country."

"I don't reckon to palaver none about where I come from," said Ginger with decision, "nor do I reckon to wail any about what I left behind. There's a complete and finished set of plumb rank failures howling in Painted Rock about this and that State being 'God's Kentry.' They make me sick and tired. 'God's Kentry' is finished, and the State of Texas is still in our hands to work up and put the polish on. But the women is the worst at it. They don't remind me none of the women of forty-nine that old-timers tells about. They had grit and could stand off Injuns. These ladies cayn't stand off a mosquito, and they weep sadly at a centipede. Mis' Habersham's that kind, and cayn't cut a steak without makin' faces at the j'int hacks it off with averted face. The women from 'God's Kentry' ain't fit to raise Texans."

Because Habersham, and more especially Mrs. Habersham, did not understand the Texan code, they neither of them understood the misconstruction that the community placed upon the attentions paid her by Sam Weekes, the man who wasn't to be trusted with women, "you can see that in his eye, if his record didn't prove it"—though, as it happened, his record did prove it. Finally one day the slander did reach Habersham, and not being a Texan, but only one more rank failure from "God's Country," he doesn't wait to investigate the truth of it, but starts out with a shotgun in quest of Weekes. And if it had not been for Ginger Gillett it might have been just one more commonplace tragedy. But Ginger unexpectedly turns it into comedy, and the way he does so is what makes the story so whimsically readable.

"The Tree of Heaven"

Volumes of short stories are peculiarly fitted for the purpose of hammock reading, because they hold your attention neither too closely nor too long. Robert W. Chambers has been so busy of late years producing full-fledged novels that a collection of shorter pieces from his pen, such as *The Tree of Heaven*, is something of a treat. There is an attempt to give these tales a semblance of continuity by introducing in the opening one an Eastern traveller steeped in psychic science, who proceeds during the progress of a dinner to prophesy to each of the guests in a curious manner, and speaking in symbolic language, some crucial occurrence in their lives. The stories that follow relate the incidents thus prophesied, but there is no necessary connection between them, nor does the psychic scientist reappear in any of them. For instance, to one guest he

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says, "I congratulate you; you've got a good-natured ghost following you about. But he'll leave you if you turn idle." And when we reach the corresponding story we find it entitled "The Ghost of Chance," the chance in question being that whereby a young artist wins fame and fortune and a beautiful wife by a single afternoon's work. This is a rather long and involved story, much too long to be hastily retold. But it has this merit that deserves to be emphasised: it introduces a delicate, sensitive, proud young girl into the studio of a strange young man, shows us just what motives and influences work upon her to persuade her to pose for his masterpiece when his own model has failed him, and by the ingenuity of its coincidences, the force of circumstances, the fire of youthful enthusiasm, makes it seem not only plausible, but the one natural, right-minded thing to do for these two utter strangers to marry before twenty-four hours have passed. Hasty marriages are common enough in fiction not to need special comment. It is Mr. Chambers's success in making the haste in this particular instance seem logical and natural that takes it out of the ordinary class and stamps it as a special *tour de force*.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

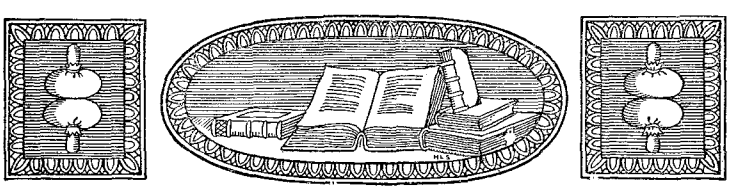
THE BUTTERFLY

Its radiant gauze hath left a gorgeous stain
  Of sun-like hue athwart the printed leaf,
While all the velvet dust from its last pain
  Sifts down the page, and clings as useless grief
    Clings to the futile memory of man.

Dead butterfly across the living Thought—
  Type of immortal hope through mortal pain:
To the world's solace a brave Spirit wrought
  Its fair white dreams of all Life's love and gain—
    Gold-stained and velvet-dusted on the page.

Drift the white Dreams, and clings the dark, soft dust—
  Vanishing dust above the deathless Word:
World-old the Dream, world-old the Love, the Trust;
  To-day hath hearkened to the Past, and heard
    The Song Immortal from its ashen lips.

Bertha York-Grant.



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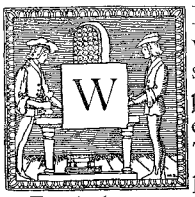
UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF RISTORI*



HEN Adelaide Ristori went to Paris in 1855 seventy-five years had passed since Italian players had been in France. The moment was a propitious one. Elise Félix —Rachel—at that time the absolute queen of the French stage, had angered and disappointed the Parisians by deserting the house of Molière, allured by an engagement offered to her by an American manager. And the Parisians made use of the opportune advent of Ristori to impart a lesson to Rachel, even as years later they made Madame Duse the instrument to crush the eccentric but great Sarah Bernhardt.

Ristori gave *Aux Italiens,* Alfieri's *Mirra,* Goldoni's *La Locandiera,* Silvio Pellico's *Francesca da Rimini,* and she soared among the stars. Jules Janin, the bulldog of French criticism in his ultra-Chauvinism, in the only criticism he could launch against her, sent forth this stupid phrase to the world: "The only thing lacking is that she is not French."

Lamartine, Dumas père, Legouvé, all burned their choicest incense at her feet. The battle was won. From that moment, like a conqueror, she travelled over lands and seas—in Spain, Holland, Portugal, Germany, England, Greece, Brazil, Turkey, La Plata and the Argentine, Cairo and to the United States; and she won the world with her winged genius. It was she and she alone who inaugurated a new period of the history of Italian dramatic art; it was she who opened and cleared the path for Salvini, Rossi, Emanuel, Zacconi, Duse, Pezzana, Di Lorenzo and Reiter.

When she returned to Paris in 1856, which she afterward did at intervals, the animosity of Rachel for Ristori was shown in stronger light on account of the *Medea* of Legouvé. Rachel, who had formally accepted the tragedy for the Théâtre Français, at the first rehearsal, always capricious and arrogant, refused to go on with it, and one of her pretexts was that it lacked classicism and was two acts shorter than classic canons commanded. In spite of Legouvé's debonair nature, he appealed to the courts, and, winning his case, Rachel was obliged to pay him 150,000 francs damages. This amount Legouvé turned over to the Society of Men of Letters and Dramatic Authors. This much embittered Rachel, but it did not end there. Legouvé gave his tragedy to Ristori to read; she found it suitable and asked Professor Giuseppe Montanelli to translate it for her, and with it won immense success. It was under these circumstances that the author in gratitude wrote in her album: "Rachel m'a tué: qui m'a fait revivre? Toi!" Rachel was enraged, and when she returned from her American tour retired from the stage at the early age of thirty-seven; shortly after, her health undermined by consumption, perhaps more from a broken heart, she died in her villa of Cannet near Toulon.

Of Rachel's animosity to Ristori another little anecdote is told, which must, however, be taken *cum grano salis,* as Ristori, either from modesty or love of truth, has made no mention of it in her book. It was told that between 1851 and 1852 Rachel, on returning from one of her tours abroad, landed in Italy and went to Verona, where she played *Adrienne Lecouvreur,* which was written for her by Legouvé and Scribe in 1849: she played in one theatre while Ristori was playing the same play at another one in the same city, and the crowded theatre was Ristori's and not Rachel's.

After Ristori returned from her triumphs abroad she played in one hundred cities of Italy, and although she had been well known and appreciated before her departure, she was everywhere received with enthusiasm. The only way to account for this demonstrative outburst is to take as a synthesis the epigram dictated by Count Jacopo Sanvitale for a gold medal offered to her, and which reads: "Honour to thee who honours Italy and art."

All Italy understood that she was a her-

*Memoirs of Adelaide Ristori. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. To be published in September, 1907.

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ald and a pioneer, how in her presence foreigners had bent the knee, and acknowledged that a nation whose children showed such mastery in art was well deserving of becoming free from slavery and of aspiring to independence. The applause was deafening when in *Giuditta,* which was written especially for her by Paolo Giacometti, she declaimed the finishing hymn, and exclaimed:

Il mio nome ai fanciulli imparate
Sappian essi che santa è la guerra,
Se lo straniero minaccia la terra
Che per Patria il Signore ci dié.

(Teach the children my name:
Let them know that war is holy
If the stranger threatens the land
Which God gave us for our country.)

And when she added:

Io Giuditta, a guidarvi verrò!
(I, Judith, will lead you!)

from the galleries applauding would ring the answer: "Let it be to-morrow." Then the crowd would follow her home, compelling her to appear on her balcony again and again, the people screaming, "Viva the great *Italian* actress!" The adjective "Italian" was given great stress.

That was the time when Italy was divided, and everything was a pretext for patriotism. By the three abhorred enemies of Italian unification, the Pontifical, the Bourbons and the Austrian Government, this was not liked, and Adelaide Ristori was watched. It seemed as though Italy was about to free herself from the chains which had bound her, and Ristori seemed a precursor.

It was at a performance of *Giuditta* at the Municipale Theatre in Reggio d'Emilia in 1858 that this incident occurred. It was November 2d, and the audience was awaiting the advent of the heroine, not only as a tribute to her art and to her personally, but because the allusion of the tragedy at that time was the occasion for patriotic demonstrations. At the moment when the enthusiasm was at its height it was noticed that in a box were the members of a society called "Friendship." Under the cover of an amusement club they disseminated the most patriotic propaganda. The applause from that box was most noticeable. Next day their enthusiasm had not cooled. Twenty of them passed the frontier and enrolled themselves in a Piedmont regiment. Ristori had inflamed their patriotism.

Adelaide's great kindness of heart was shown in Pisa in 1845. A young man of the *jeunesse dorée* of that town, who afterward became an actor, asked her to play a comedy written by him: *The Water Cure at Lucca.* It was a failure, and the author was so hurt that Ristori offered to play another one of his plays, which met the same fate. "Before I leave Tuscany I want to force the public to indorse you," she said, and produced another, which was a success. The public applauded more the kind persistence of Ristori than the merit of the play.

A letter to me from Baltimore when on one of her tours shows her gentle thought of others.

BALTIMORE, January 31, 1884.

MY VERY COURTEOUS FRIEND: Don't think that I have forgotten my promise to send a photograph to you; it is all the fault of that blessed Sarony, who has failed to keep his promise. And now I am about to ask a favour of you. I have a poor little niece, who at the age of ten lost her left arm, leaving only a short stump, to which has been attached, first, a wax arm and later one simply of cotton, because though one was made for her in Florence by a mechanic, it was so badly made that she could not stand it, and so was forced to the roll of cotton.

My niece is now grown; she is at college in Florence, and I have always promised her, if she were a good girl and studied well, that I would get her a fine mechanical arm. She is now seventeen, and probably will not grow larger, so that now I may fulfil my promise. In America there must be good specialists of that kind, and I am told that in Boston there are perfect ones.

Will you have the goodness to find out for me from that doctor who cured Trojani recently (and from whom we have not yet received a bill) if really there are such specialists in Boston, and if so, also ask him what would be necessary in taking the measurements

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for the same? Perhaps they have circulars which will give all information, as well as prices.

Once when I was young and coming from Paris I saw on a poor workman an artificial arm with an iron hand which he could move. Now, however, they must have perfected them and make them perfectly articulate, and certainly less primitive than before.

It will be necessary that the explanations be distinctly and clearly given, otherwise my good intentions would be for naught. Naturally, first it is necessary to know the price, because if it should be very *ruinous* I would try elsewhere. I think it will be well not to mention my name, although here they must have prices fixed.

Please send answer to New Orleans (where we are due Sunday morning), at the St. Charles Theatre. We are all well, and hope also that you are. Excuse this hurried note, but I have a matinée, and they are now taking away the trunks. All my family send to you a grasp of the hand.

Your affectionate

ADELAIDE RISTORI DEL GRILLO.

To her fellow-artists in need Ristori was always generous. She kept in her company Giammaria Borghi, who had been in the Royal Compagnia Sarda with her, though he was disabled by age. What kindness did she not show to Achille Majeroni! In 1867 he was in Florence, and as usual in dire poverty. He was starving. Ristori was in South America. As soon as she arrived and heard of his need, she engaged him immediately, paid off his debts, and brought him back from death to life.

One evening, relates Bettoli, while at her house, her husband and Giulia Grisi also being present, Felice Scifoni was mentioned. He was the honest disciple of Mazzini, a friend of Montanelli, and had been for years a prisoner of the Pontifical Government at Civita Castellana, and now had neither a roof over him nor a piece of bread. Ristori listened, and then the subject was dropped after she had taken the address of Scifoni. A few days after, calling on Ristori, Bettoli found Scifoni seated between Donna Bianca and Giorgio, the first fifteen, the other thirteen, giving them lessons in literature and history. For each lesson he was paid twenty francs, a large price in Italy.

The vein of humour was very manifest in Ristori's character. An author whose name I do not remember wrote a drama for her. She found that she, having taken a dose of poison, had to deliver a speech too long about another whom she had poisoned. Ristori sent a telegram, "You forget that I, too, am in a hurry to die, and that I cannot speak eternally in presence of the corpse I have made; shorten the agony!"

I here introduce one of her letters, showing her jolly, kind nature.

ROME, January 16, 1894.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Knowing my character and my way of doing things, I hope you have not *judged my silence as unnatural. In fact, it* is a long time that I have suffered with my stomach on account of a poisoned mushroom.

I have a pile of letters waiting on my desk to which I must attend later.

Imagine a little: if not able to answer my letters, how can I dedicate myself to write such an article as you ask from me for the *Atlantic Monthly?* Your news, which I am sorry to hear, grieves me. With your talents you surely should have better luck. Do not think, however, that coming back to our own beautiful country at this serious time through which we are passing, with no appearance of an early change, a better fate would be your lot. We have so many vipers devouring the flesh of our *beautiful* Italy! How will it all end? God knows, but man cannot prophesy. The truth is that we are all in agitation, thanks to the clique of money-makers and of anarchists (true traitors of their country), who leave no stone unturned to destroy order and to ferment the weak-minded to lead us into anarchy. I assure you that honest people suffer as from an illness. But let us leave so much sadness and speak of things which will bring a smile to your lips—I speak of your wife and child. The first has a good and gentle physiognomy, and her expression pleases me very much. Bravo! you have waited long, but seem to have chosen well; many salutations to madame. To the little one, who, indeed, seems, as we say in Roman parlance, a fine little fat pig, give many kisses; her puffy cheeks seem not to fear easily becoming flaccid. Well, for your first production you have succeeded well. My children are always models of filial love, and are praised

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and sought for in society. I wish Giorgio would marry. Let us hope. Bianca does not show any inclination for it and—it is not maternal pride, but I assure you when she enters a room she is admired by both men and women as a star.

Giorgio, besides taking care of the business (*who* has not need of it at this time?), goes on painting and abhors idleness. The same may be said of Bianca. Both bestow on me a great deal of care and attention. It is pathetic. God has wished to compensate me for the cruel loss of my husband, although the wound will never heal!

Let us speak of curiosity for distraction. Is it true that Tommaso Salvini went to New York, invited by many gentlemen, to honour the memory of poor Booth, and that he delivered a eulogy on all his virtues, and on the generosity of the poor dead, and received extraordinary ovations therefor?

Let us not speak of the humbug written to-day by the Florentine and Neapolitan papers. Now the epithet "famous" is scorned by the one who knows how much struggle he has had to go through with to deserve it.

Four striking toilettes, a little face of cunning soubrette, the friendship of the most noisy newspaper men, a way of reciting by jumps and convulsions, and a great deal of hysterics christen one now as a model and leader of dramatic art. Look here: I don't say that for Duse, who really has great talent, but she is not without defects, which I have pointed out to her, and which, in my opinion, do not give her the right to celebrity! The generation believes the events of thirty years ago, so much descanted upon, to be mythological! What is to be done? To change the world is impossible. In still recognising all the faults of the French nation, yet I cannot minimise the honour due her in matters of art. And see here; if in Italy the production of a tragedy is advertised, everybody screams and says that "we are going back to our grandfathers' times," while if one goes in Paris to see *Edipus—King, or Antigone* the theatre is filled like an egg. At home if even Salvini or Rossi would try to revive tragedies nobody would go.

I saw in Paris Mounet Sully and M'lle. Bartet in *Antigone,* and although Mounet has all the French Academic diction, one finds in him always the conscientious, intelligent, delicate artist who worships his art. With him, a true jewel, M'lle. Bartet, moderate in her gestures, feeling without effusion—in short, an ideal. What a divine evening I spent at the Français! Mounet Sully opens this evening in Milan, at the Teatro Filo-Dramatico. I am very sorry, because I am sure that having selected this very bad moment for coming to Italy, he will not have the success he deserves. Moreover, he, who was a very handsome man, with magnificent eyes, having had the misfortune to lose in two days two dear sons, cried so much that his eyes were affected to such an extent that one of them had to be taken out of the socket to be treated and then replaced. The consequence is that he has become cross-eyed, which makes, for him, a great difference on the stage.

And then, too, nowadays tender, sweet, natural feelings are called sentimentalism rose-watered! 'Tis not true.

I finish, and you should be satisfied. But see here, don't accustom yourself to these long letters.

I hold the hands of all three of you, wishing to you all the good which I hope you wish me.

ADELAIDE RISTORI DEL GRILLO.

In a conversation with Adelaide Ristori I asked her why she wore glasses to read. "I like the compliment," she answered. "My sight became feeble after several continuous performances of *Macbeth.* For twenty minutes in the scene of somnambulism I had to keep wide open my eyes, riveted on one point, with the glare of the footlights in them. After the performance tears constantly flowed from my poor eyes. These not obligatory tears brought on this actual visual condition."

I also asked her how she had been persuaded to give *Macbeth* in English in London. She answered: "I was perhaps wrong, but they told me that my English was perfect. I was not a judge!"

As we had entered into a theatrical conversation, a thing she never liked *abrupto,* I ventured: "Was it not in '56 that you first went to Paris?" "No, the year before," she answered. "I had brought an introduction to Jules Janin, the famous critic. I asked him to introduce me to Rachel. He said that he would when she returned to town arrange a meeting. One evening when I was performing one of Goldoni's little comedies it was whispered to me that Rachel was in the theatre. I must confess that I was not pleased, as it was a piece of no importance, and no

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effect could be given in it. A few nights after I was playing *Mirra;* after the first act I was informed that the great French actress was in a box with Prince Jerome Bonaparte. I wound myself up and played my best; the public applauded. At the end of the performance I learned that at the end of the fourth act Rachel had got up, threw away the book printed in French and Italian, and left the theatre in a rage. I never met her. Jules Janin never kept his promise. But listen. A few days after a lady was announced at my hotel. I learned afterward that she was the milliner of Rachel and of the Empress Eugénie. She came to inform me that Rachel wished to make my acquaintance, and desired me to call at her

ADELAIDE RISTORI

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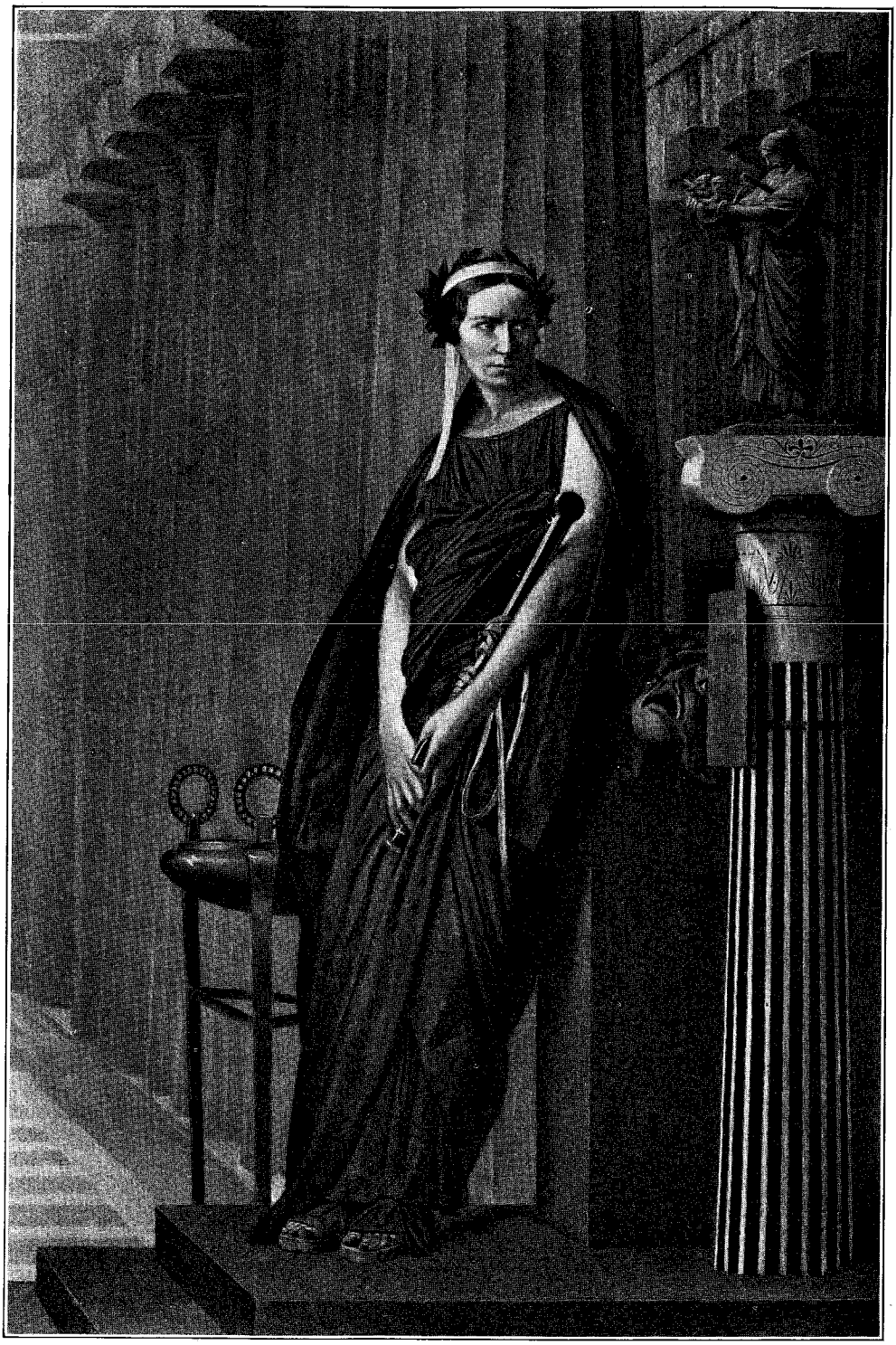

RACHEL AS PHÉDRE

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house. I answered that I would have the pleasure to receive her at my house instead.

"'Suppose,' said the lady, 'Madame Rachel should send you a box to one of her performances of *Phédre?*'

"'I would be very glad to accept the honour,' said I, 'and would applaud her warmly!'

"The coupon was sent; I applauded the whole evening, but she made no effort to become acquainted with me."

"Was it true that at first you declined to play *Medea,* and why?"

"It is true, and the reason is this: I thought that I, the mother of two adorable children, could not even in a play kill my two children."

Among the numerous anecdotes and episodes of her exceptional and varied adventures one, I think, has never been in print, which shows how entirely she was mistress of herself at all times, and never given to stage sensations.

It was customary to have supper after the theatre, and at that function sardellen salad must never be omitted. At Trieste the others preferred the sardellen of Lissa. She was reciting for the tenth time *Maria Antonietta* of Giacometti. The house was crowded and the applause delirious. In the last act, and even while she was hurling her famous invective against the judges and all the women were in tears, Ristori edged up to her brother Cesar, who was playing with her, and whispered to him in the midst of her most impassioned words: "I charge you not to forget the sardellen salad!"

We feel the sincerity which is embodied in a telegram from Legouvé to Ristori: "I was born in 1807; only that date can prevent me from coming to Rome for your celebration." But Ristori did not want to do less to prove her affection for this friend when, at that time (1902) of the world's sincere homage to her, the French ambassador Barrère visited her at her palace and the talk turned on Legouvé.

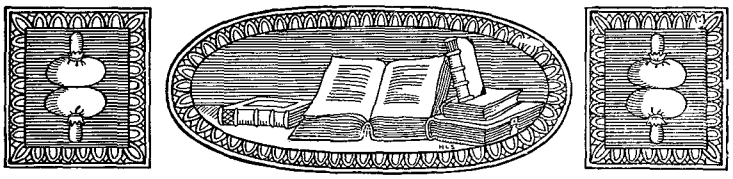
"How much our great poet would give, marquise, to be able to hear once more a verse of *Medea* given by you," said the ambassador.

"He shall have that pleasure done in a way he will remember," said she.

"But how?"

"That will be between him and me," added the aged marquise. "Before long I must go to Turin. Between Turin and Paris there is a telephone, and it will be by that vehicle that I will recite to him a verse of one of my life's triumphs. He is ninety-five. I am eighty. Neither of us would have thought that at such a distance it would have been possible to exchange such an original salutation."

L. D. Ventura.



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FIVE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

General Wilson's "Life of Charles A. Dana"*

General J. H. Wilson bears a distinguished reputation as a military engineer, and he won fame also during the Civil War as a dashing cavalry leader under Sheridan. He made the acquaintance of Mr. Dana while the latter was acting as a special commissioner charged by Secretary Stanton with the task of reporting confidentially to the War Department upon the *personnel* of the army in the field, and especially upon the character and capacity of General Grant. A warm friendship was then established between Mr. Dana and General Wilson, and it remained unbroken to the end of the former's life. This volume is, therefore, in some respects more a friendly tribute than a critical biography; and not unnaturally it devotes far more attention to Mr. Dana's early career and to his services to the Government during the war than to his achievements as editor of the New York *Sun*. Of the 515 pages of the narrative, 379 deal with the period before 1868, leaving only about a hundred pages for the rest and far more conspicuous part of Mr. Dana's life.

General Wilson's close acquaintance with Dana gives great interest to all he has to say, and affords many bits of knowledge regarding the boy who began as a clerk in a Buffalo shop; who made of himself a disciplined and accomplished scholar by the force of his own perseverance and determination. We learn how he became a thorough engineer; how he read, observed, and studied; and how he sharpened to a keen edge the weapon of that fine intellect with which nature had endowed him through a line of historical New England ancestors — Adamses, Paines, Huntingtons and Bullards, with a distant Italian progenitor to enrich his blood with an artistic and imaginative strain.

*The Life of Charles A. Dana. By James Harrison Wilson, late Major-General, U. S. V. New York: Harper and Brothers.

So far as concerns Mr. Dana's services in the war, the book is more than satisfying, since it amply supplements the reminiscences which Dana himself published in 1898. There is no doubt that behind the scenes he was largely instrumental in securing certain momentous decisions. In 1862-63 he almost certainly saved Grant from retirement and won for him a free hand in the critical campaign at Vicksburg. Grant had few friends at that time. Those who had known him in the old army distrusted him because he had left the service under a cloud. The showy McClernand was the personal choice of President Lincoln for the chief command. Grant was not the sort of a man who could or would try to make favour for himself; and his despatches were brief, ill-written and devoid of that sort of cleverness which impresses civilians and bureaucrats. Moreover, though he had pledged his word to his old friend Rawlins to refrain from drink during the continuance of the war, this promise had been broken, and at times he gave way to a habit which had caused his partial disgrace many years before. General Wilson tells a very curious incident relating to this matter (pp. 231, 232), and though he writes with great reserve, the meaning of what he tells cannot be mistaken. All these things were known to Dana; but his sagacious mind perceived the one essential fact that, with all his faults and limitations, Grant was the best man available for the task that was to be accomplished. In letter after letter Dana gradually overcame Mr. Lincoln's preference for McClernand, and at last secured for Grant unfettered freedom to "go in and win." It is perhaps not too much to assert that it was Dana who turned the scales of Fortune so as to give at least a surer and more speedy victory to the Union arms. Yet his minor services are also worth remembering. He exposed and fought corruption in the sphere of army contracts; and with the loyal backing of Stanton, sent many a swindler to prison.

The whole narrative is very interesting. One could wish that General Wilson

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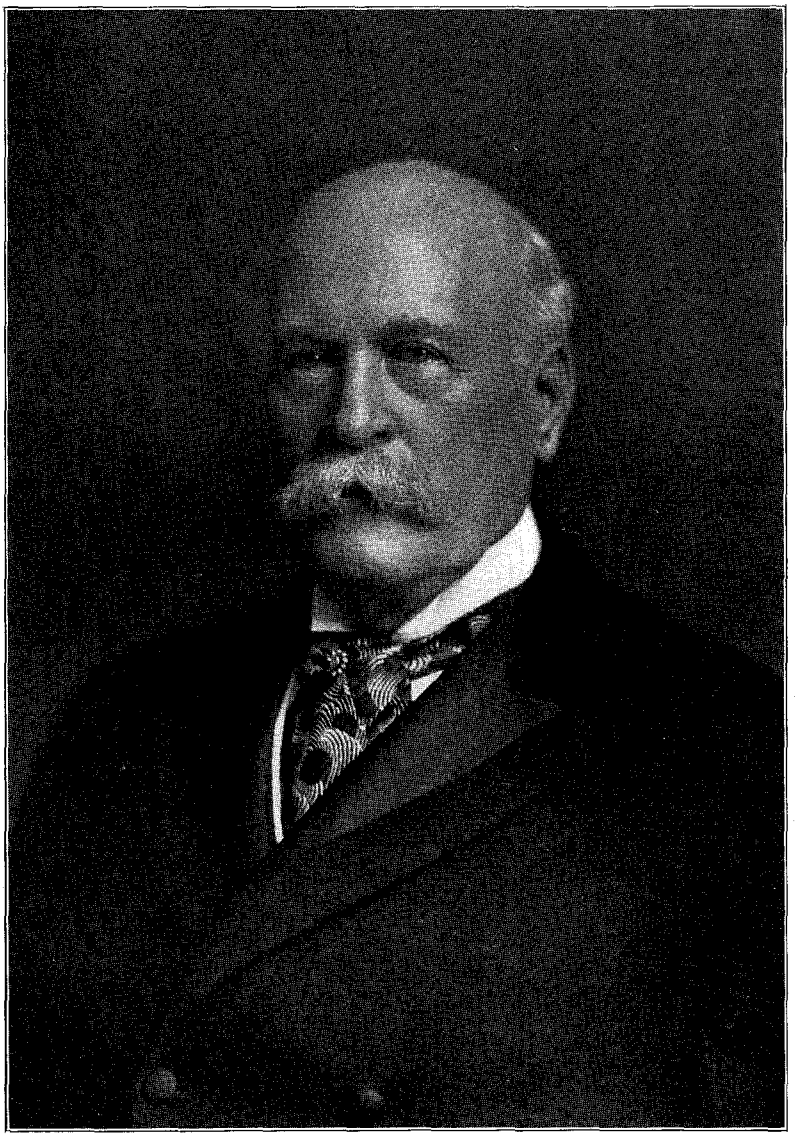
could have given us as minute a study of Dana the editor as of Dana the commissioner and Dana the Assistant Secretary of War. For it is Dana the editor whom most Americans remember and regarding whom they are most eager for details. They will scarcely get them from General Wilson, whose chapters on this part of his subject's life would lead one to infer that he had never personally read the *Sun,* but that he had got his information at second hand. He does give us some particulars worth recording as to Dana's association with Horace Greeley on the New York *Tribune,* where Dana began as managing editor at a salary of ten dollars per week! The clash of temperament between the aggressive, vig-



JAMES HARRISON WILSON

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orous, clear-sighted Dana and the shambling, timid, undisciplined Greeley is well indicated here; yet in particulars General Wilson is not very thoroughly informed. As to the *Sun*, one would gather that Dana conducted it with dignity and high principle, showing no personal vindictiveness or devilish malignity. This part of the book is almost comic to one who remembers the *Sun* from 1875 to 1895 and who understands how it pandered to every passion and urged its readers to fatten on every kind of carrion, until it created that low public taste which to-day provides millions of constituents for the yellow journals. That the *Sun* was excluded from families because of its indecency seems to be a fact of which General Wilson is wholly unaware; and, indeed, we may fairly assume that the newspaper which his old-time friend made profitably notorious never entered into his own daily reading.

The book, however, is really valuable in those parts where the author writes from personal knowledge. A fuller index would have enhanced its value very much.

Richard W. Kemp.

II

As The Hague Ordains*

Article VII., Chapter II., Annex, Section I., of the convention with respect to the laws and customs of war on land decreed at The Hague in 1899, declares that, "failing a special agreement between the belligerents, prisoners of war shall be treated as regards food, quarters and clothing on the same footing as the troops of the government which has captured them." This ordinance furnishes the title and the text of this picturesque narrative of the experiences of the wife of a high Russian officer, who, with the gracious permission of the Mikado's government, took up her abode near the hospital at Matsuyama, where her husband was lying, a seriously wounded prisoner. She travelled across Europe, across our continent, and across the Pacific to reach him. On the way she gathered some impressions of our customs system which she expresses with great freedom. She opines that the great Republic treats tourists rather worse than Russia treats her exiles in transit to Siberia. Frankness of speech, it may be added, is the lady's habit. She is no less open in the chronicling of her contempt for the Russian official clique that brought about the Russo-Japanese War, its disastrous results, and the unnecessary sufferings and privations of the troops. The grand-dukes, Alexeieff, De Witte, Bezobrazoff, Kuropatkin, Stoessel, Rojestvensky—they all were frankly discussed by the captured officers in the Japanese hospital—Stoessel to be denounced and execrated more than all the others combined. The author reports their talk, and adds her own opinions of Russia's autocracy and Russia's inarticulate millions; of Tolstoy, the *poseur*, as she calls him, and of George Kennan and the British press and their highly colored pictures of Russian prison methods. She has only words of condemnation for her own country, because she loves it so sincerely, only words of praise and gratitude for the modern Japan.

Efficiency, with never a stoppage of the system, is the keynote of her picture of Japan in war-time—that and humanity and unfailing courtesy, not merely formal, but from the heart. The insolence of the conquering warrior she only experienced once, in a minor official. Those in authority never gave offence, and this not deliberately, but unconsciously, as the natural outcome of their code of honour, of *bushido*. The governor of the camp even took steps to prevent the populace from coming too near it on a night of celebration of some new victory: the *banzais* distressed the prisoners; moreover, the surgeon-general had complained that they sent up the temperature of the wounded!

This reads like a fairy-tale, but one must accept it with the rest of this account or reject it altogether. What civilisation at its best can do for the prisoner of war was evidently done by the youngest of modern nations. The author draws a comparison between the condition of her countrymen in Japan and

*As The Hague Ordains: Journal of a Russian Prisoner's Wife in Japan. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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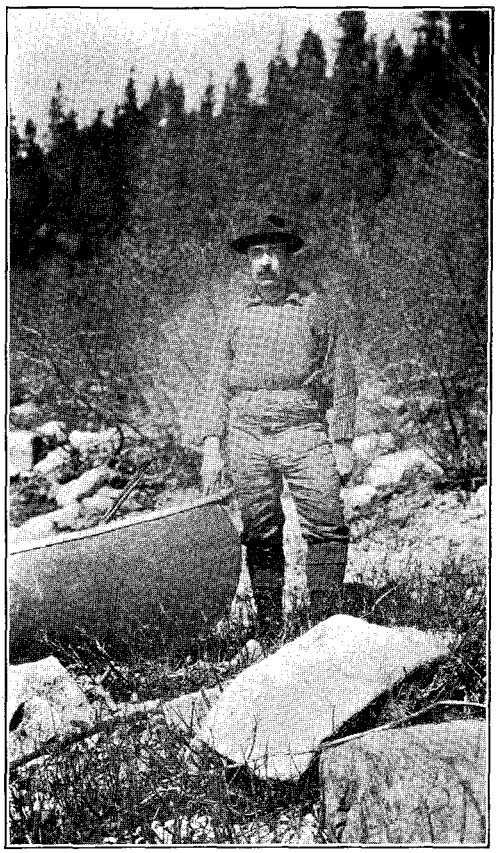
that of the French prisoners in Germany in 1870 and of the Turkish in Russia in 1876. They were made as comfortable as they could be, but the narrative returns again and again to the feeling of racial humiliation of white men conquered by Asiatics. And in the background there was always the dread of a murderous outbreak of the peasantry should the tide of fortune change and Japan meet with ultimate defeat.

There are pictures of the volunteer nurses, ladies of birth and exquisite breeding, dainty and formal, of young Japanese officers of the modern school, *à l'Allemande,* with upturned moustaches, abrupt of speech, masters of the genuine military swagger, and of middle-aged commanders, *daimios* in uniform. The charm of old Japan is reflected on many a page, its art, its flowers, its cleanliness and industry, to serve as standard of comparison for the filth of the Russian village and the indolence of the *moujik.*

While apparently the author gives the fullest possible clues to her identity—she informs us that her husband is a great noble as well as an officer of high rank, a member of the court circle of St. Petersburg, of the diplomatic service, and of the international society that gathers on the Riviera, in Paris, and in London—while she thus seems to make her identification easy, one doubts whether she will ever be identified. In fact, one is inclined to believe that this description of herself and her husband is part of the fiction of the book, for fiction it contains, certainly in the form of a love affair of one of the Russian officers. One would expect the author to hide her identity as closely as possible after her *franc parler* about things Russian. But whoever she be, the main facts of her narrative appear to be true: they are certainly corroborated by reports of Japanese medical preparedness and Japanese humanity in the treatment of prisoners from other well-authenticated sources. Perhaps gratitude has somewhat overdrawn the picture, but even so, one prefers this theory to the only possible alternative one, which would suggest that this wholly delightful book is altogether a work of the imagination.

A. Schade van Westrum.



DILLON WALLACE

III

Dillon Wallace's "The Long Labrador Trail"*

The striking thing about Mr. Wallace's exploration in Labrador, which he describes in *The Long Labrador Trail,* is that he should have had either the heart or the hardihood to undertake it at all. For only two years before that same wilderness had robbed him of his friend, Leonidas Hubbard, who starved to death alone, while Wallace, himself three-quarters starved, and half blind besides, was struggling through the snow drifts trying to get back to him. And he would have met the fate of Hubbard but for the heroism of their half-breed guide, George Elson, who fought through pitiless storms to the nearest cabin and sent out

*The Long Labrador Trail. By Dillon Wallace. New York: The Outing Company.

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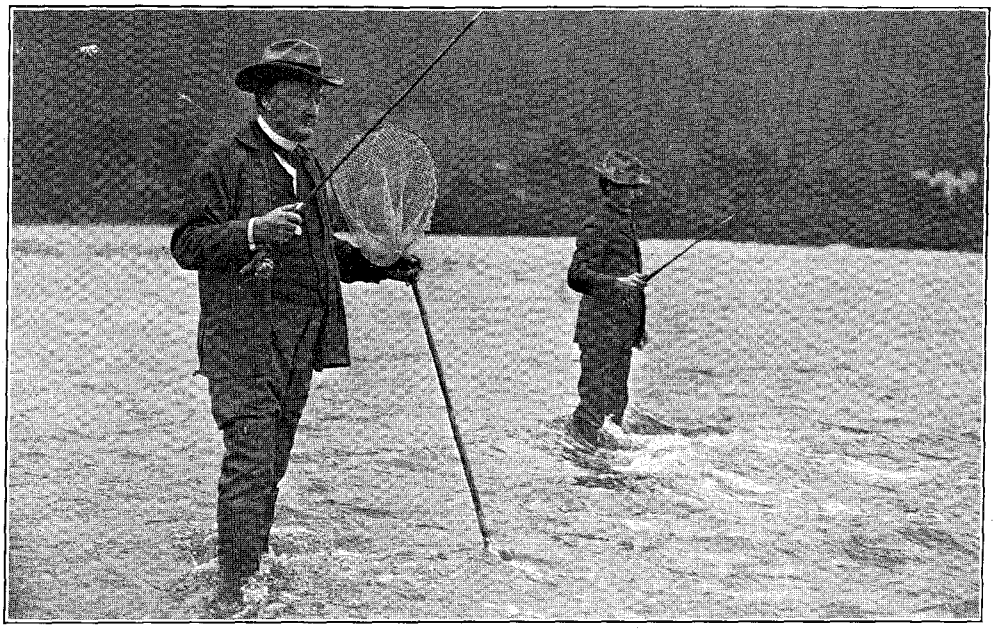

DR. WILLIAM C. HARRIS THE LATE LEONIDAS HUBBARD

a rescuing party. Mr. Wallace explains that Hubbard and he agreed while they were facing the Labrador peril together that if one of them should fall the other would complete the exploration Hubbard had planned.

The immense difficulty of getting through that portion of "The Labrador" which Mr. Wallace finally conquered (and which he was the first white man to explore), that is, the region lying between Hamilton Inlet and the mouth of the George River, becomes apparent from a simple description of the country. The line of least resistance is a chain of ponds and lakes and a network of small streams, many of them impassable even for a lightly laden canoe. Because of the number and length and frequently the extreme roughness of the portages over which the canoes must be carried, it is impossible to "pack" food sufficient for the journey.

Into this wilderness Mr. Wallace plunged on June 27, 1905, with his four companions, George M. Richards, Clifford H. Easton, Leigh Stanton and Peter Stevens, a full-blood Ojibway Indian. Of one stage of the journey, for example, Mr. Wallace says:

In these two days we had covered but eleven miles, but during the whole time the wind had driven the rain in sweeping gusts into our faces and made it impossible for a man single-handed to portage a canoe. Thus with two men to carry each canoe, we had been compelled to make three loads of our outfit, and this meant fifty-five miles actual walking, and thirty-three miles of this distance with packs on our backs.

As to eating, here are a few suggestions:

A strict distribution of rations was maintained, and when the pork was fried Pete with a spoon dished out the grease into the five plates in equal shares. Into this the quarter-loaf ration of bread was broken and the mixture eaten to the last morsel. Sometimes the men drank the warm pork grease clear. Finally it became so precious that they licked their plates after scraping them with their spoons. . . . One day an owl was shot and went into the pot to keep company with a couple of partridges. Pete demurred. "Owl eat mice," said he. "Not good man eat him."

One of the other men also objected, but it wasn't long before such fastidiousness had surrendered to hunger.

At Lake Michikamau the party separated. Mr. Wallace selected Mr. Easton as his companion for the remainder of

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the trip, and the other three turned back toward the starting point, all with the greatest reluctance. Pete, especially, was inconsolable:

"To-day I feel very sad. I forget to smoke. My pipe go out and I do not light it. I think all time of you. Very lonely me. Very bad to leave you." Here he nearly broke down, and for a while he could not speak. When he could control himself he continued. "Seems like I take four men in bush, lose two. Don't know how I see your sisters. I go home well. They ask me, 'Where my brother?' I don't know. I say nothing. May be you die in rapids. May be you starve. I don't know. I say nothing. Your sisters cry." . . . Pete did not sing that day and he did not smoke. He was very sad and quiet.

On September 13th they reached the headwaters of the George River, which empties into Ungava Bay, their objective point. A few days afterward the explorers capsised in a rapid and lost their guns, axes and provisions (excepting some pemmican and caribou tallow), cooking utensils, field glasses, barometer and three hundred and fifty unexposed photographic films. The tent and tent stove were recovered, but the loss of the remainder of the outfit brought much additional privation and suffering, and the accident nearly cost Easton his life. The Hudson's Bay post at the mouth of the George River was reached on October 16th. The return trip down the eastern coast of the peninsula was made with dogs and sledges, over two thousand miles of snow and ice, and often in the face of terrific storms.

Here and there Mr. Wallace supplies somewhat roughly drawn word pictures of the oppressive desolation of the wilderness, or of really beautiful spots or panoramas; but mostly he adheres to a straightforward and rather stiff narrative form, unadorned by any attempts at "fine writing." A freer and more graceful style might have added interest to the recital; and yet, somehow, the very lack of rhetorical polish seems appropriate in the description of an undertaking which bespeaks essentially grim determination, and offers little occasion for the play of the finer feelings or of the imagination.

George Gladden.

IV

"Middle English Literature"*

Professor Schofield's two volumes on the *History of Middle English Literature* are to be, one may safely infer from the first volume, the most substantial contribution to literary history made by American scholarship since George Ticknor published the *History of Spanish Literature,* in 1849. Professor Child's even more monumental work, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads,* is naturally excluded from the comparison because its field is limited and its intention minutely erudite. If Professor Schofield's book hardly sustains the recollection of its great prototype, it should be said that he publishes in the middle thirties, whereas Ticknor waited till the late fifties. In fine, the shortcoming is not in scholarship, for the book is a marvel of labour, both close and discursive, but in maturity. It is this, perhaps, which makes the writer a little uncertain in his point of view, a bit uneasy in his rôle of historian of literature, and prone to not very effective excursions and alarums in the field of criticism. Now, frankly, Middle English literature does not often call for criticism. Nineteen-twentieths of the texts belong to the lower strata of the infra-literary. Chaucer is the great exception, with no other English writer of the era at the height of his knee; and since the present volume stops before Chaucer, and includes practically nothing that, even on the British scale, can be called literature at all, it sharply raises the question, What has the professional student to do with the infra-literary? and what has the average reader to do therewith?

For the professional student, Dr. Schofield gives a reply both intelligent and satisfactory. He concedes that the value of these texts is historical and relative. They are to be regarded as data in the natural history of legend and romance to which he has made substantial contributions. From this point of view no document is negligible. A doggerel English romance of the fifteenth century

*The History of Middle English Literature from the Conquest to Chaucer. By W. H. Schofield, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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may transmit a traditional theme more perfectly than a highly polished narrative of Crétien de Troyes; then the debased version appears actually the more valuable. Such an attitude is, granting its premises, wholly logical and in Professor Schofield's case it has the grace of being also cosmopolitan. Best among the younger disciples of the late Francis J. Child and of Professor Kittredge, he represents the doctrine that Mediæval literature must be studied in its entirety, and the subject-matter of fable, legend, and romance traced withersoever it leads, though the quest extend from Hecla to the Himalayas. Students of this sort—their greatest exemplar being the late Gaston Paris—regard legend as having a kind of independent life of its own, which it is their function to ascertain and describe. Thus the business of literary history becomes that of demonstrating the transmission of legend—Arthurian Matter of Britain, Carlovingian Matter of France, Fantastic Matter of Byzantium, whatever case may present itself. Professor Schofield has written the first history of English literature conceived in its relations to that of the Continent. M. J. J. Jusserand, in his admirably suggestive History, accepted this point of view, but carried it out with less consistency. Indeed, his work is rather on the lines of a literary history than on the more comprehensive basis of a history of literature.

Having chosen the latter form, Professor Schofield's work appears as a little out of scale. A great book on the lines of Warton's old *History of English Poetry*, or better yet, of the *Histoire Littéraire* begun by the Benedictines and piously continued by the Ernest Renans and Gaston Parises, would be immensely valuable to students; a more compact and selective treatise would better meet the taste of the average lettered reader, whom the series to which this volume belongs has primarily in view. And this raises our second query, What has the average reader to do with the infra-literary documents of which Mediæval literature chiefly consists? Something, but rather little. He may use it, for example, to give body and savour to his presumably vague vision of the Middle Ages. He may thus meet the illuminators of the missals, the builders of the cathedrals, the movers of the crusades and of the monastic reforms on something like their every-day level. Yet so far as England is concerned, one faces the disconcerting fact that purely for historical and antiquarian reasons it would pay better to read the Latin writings produced in Britain, or even the French, than those in the vernacular, so completely did the popular Mediæval writers as a class fail to grasp and convey what was really significant in their own civilisation. In Mediæval Latin one gets at least the best thinking of the keenest minds of the time; in French literature one gets an agreeable though a superficial rhetoric and even a certain criticism of life as it appeared to the chivalric and clerkly orders; in English of the period under discussion one gets, with exceptions which may be later noted, chiefly a doddering sort of story telling—adventurous, edifying or amatory. It is at this point that, with the best intentions in the world, the exponent of comparative literature may utterly confuse the literate man in the street. To the former the ruck of Mediæval scribbling is important because of its interesting relationships; to the latter it is so much vanity, because of its hopelessly inartistic quality and its lack of human appeal. But the wayfaring reader is in no little danger of accepting the alien scale of values. Professor Schofield, for example, is surely under no personal illusion in these matters, yet with a discoverer's and system-maker's zeal, he is likely to give wrong impressions. The ingenuous reader is in some risk of forgetting the relative nature of the comment and of supposing that the anonymous lyrical poets of the Harleian Anthology are in a manner compeers of Petrarch, or the doggereliser of a "Lybeaus Desconus," the true forebear of a Bojardo or Walter Scott.

At a time when the prevailing critical impressionism tends to obliterate standards altogether, it seems doubly important to keep clear the distinction between the literary and the infra-literary. Therefore we rightly expect of the Mediævalists, besides their learned studies, something like a critical appreci-

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ation of Mediæval literature on an absolute scale. We want a careful sifting of the detritus, which shall not merely eliminate the rubbish, but so lay bare the semi-precious ingredients that the precious may be discerned. In English literature between the Conquest and Chaucer that residuum would be extremely small. I cannot think that either the knightly tale of "Gawayne and the Green Knight" or the affecting elegy of the "Pearl" are more than semi-precious. A charming treatise, to do good, like the "Ancren Riwle," which a friendly cleric wrote for certain devout ladies, and a group of mystical religious lyrics full of a quaint troubadour amatoriness hardly bulk large in world literature. Even less significant must appear such excellent forthright narrative poems as "Havelok" and "King Horn" or the scanty versions of French lais or fabliaux. Even the rare mystery plays, which begin to strike a deeper note, are hardly indispensable to culture. In fine, the elimination of all Middle English literature except Chaucer and Malory would not essentially diminish the means of culture at the disposal of English readers. That it would greatly impoverish our range of historical association I admit willingly. These things have a value relative to us as of English stock. Langland is our best interpreter of the sentiment that later made English Protestantism. Gawayne is a better guide to chivalry than Malory. If we would understand the depth, fervour and extravagance of the cult of Mary, certain Middle English lyrics and legends will serve us well. As the matter stands, however, we have nobody to tell us which writings have even this relative historical value in any large measure. It is striking enough that Professor Saintsbury in his *History of English Prosody* gives incidentally a more convincing suggestion of literary excellence in the Mediæval period than Professor Schofield does in this comprehensive work.

I am far from upbraiding a gifted scholar and my good friend for not doing what he has not expressly set before himself to do, but I wish to point out a desideratum and an opportunity. We need not merely for England, but for all Mediæval Europe, an appraisal of its literature based not on erudite, but on broad literary standards. Such criticism is scarcely at its beginnings, for the delightful historical essays of the late Gaston Paris, a man of rare critical perception, are overfreighted with learning and avowedly devoted a little narrowly to the natural history of legend. This work of reappraisal should naturally fall to a Mediævalist who also knows deeply the best literature of all periods. M. Bédier, upon whom Paris's mantle has happily fallen, has shown true capacity for this work in his essays on Tristan and the Lais of Marie de France. M. Jusserand has given a hint of what is needed. One hopes, I repeat, that some Mediævalist will take this objective and judicial attitude toward his favourite pursuits. If not, the work must be done all the same, and some critic in general literature, less fully informed than the Mediævalists, but possibly better oriented, will enter into the promised land that they have shortsightedly failed to perceive.

Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

V

"The History of Painting"*

The need of an English translation of Dr. Muther's *Geschichte der Malerei,* published in Germany over seven years ago, has long been felt. Dr. Muther's *History of Modern Painting,* as the title of an earlier work dealing with painting in the nineteenth century is rendered in English, has long been familiar in the classroom, and the present work has attained wide popularity on the Continent. No one who has read the book, either in German or in Dr. Kriehn's very admirable translation, which preserves so successfully the author's style, will be surprised at this popularity. Dr. Muther is an easy and graceful writer; his enthusiasm is, moreover, singularly contagious. He is a student of wide erudition and his critical faculty is keen and brilliant. He pos-

*The History of Painting. From the Fourth to the Early Nineteenth Century. By Richard Muther, Ph.D. Authorized English edition. Translated from the German and edited, with annotations, by George Kriehn, Ph.D. In two volumes. Vol. I., Vol. II. Illustrated. $5 net. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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sesses in a remarkable degree the qualities essential to one who should essay the difficult and greatly needed task of writing a history of European painting in which the general is not obscured by the particular.

In the second chapter of the first volume of Dr. Muther's *History* will be found a sentence which may well be said to give the keynote of the entire book. The author declares that "the art of a nation always develops along lines parallel with its ideas, culture and customs." Upon this belief is formed the method adopted by Dr. Muther in writing the story of European painting. In a sense it is not a new theory. Other writers have tried to show the connection between art and life. But never before has the psychological side of the growth of painting been so consistently developed as it is here. Necessarily something—possibly a good deal—has been sacrificed to the ascendency of this dominating idea. However admirable the reconciliation of social and artistic life may be in large, however essentially true the hypothesis may be as a generality, it is a dangerous basis of a history such as this. It is inevitable that the theory triumphant is bound now and then to crush the sublimated facts into pulpy acquiescence with its laws. To many readers it must seem that, fine in many ways as this striking work is, Dr. Muther has sacrificed artistic sequence to psychological sequence. Interesting as the experiment is, one may still be doubtful of the efficiency of the principle as a permanent basis for the study of art.

Dr. Muther's purpose is naturally synthetic rather than analytic. He has started out to weld together a vast array of elements not always easily made to assume their proper relations to each other, and, at least in the first volume, he succeeds remarkably well in the accomplishment of this difficult attempt. Yet he sometimes departs from the main theme to give wholly delightful and sympathetic interpretations of his favourite painters, in which penetration of thought and intuitive effectiveness of expression unite to produce passages which alike illuminate and charm. The book is not in the least technical. It is intended neither for a text-book for the novice nor as a treatise for the professional critic or student of art. Rather is it meant for the ordinary cultivated reader with a fairly broad knowledge of pictures. To such lovers of pictures the pleasure of reading the *History of Painting* is assured. Yet a word of caution must, however ungracious it may seem, be added to this statement. Dr. Muther is always a brilliant critic; he is far from being always a judicious one. He differs more than once from other no less eminent authorities, and the reasons for his attitude are by no means always clear. He is not so safe a guide, for example, as such a writer as Mr. Berenson. Oddly enough, he seems to follow Vasari much more closely than most modern authorities, and while there is no doubt that the gossipy chronicler has been too sternly repudiated, the danger of accepting his unsupported assertions has been only too frequently demonstrated. And, as has already been suggested, Dr. Muther more than once allows his ideas to run away with him and to lead him to strange conclusions. It is well to compare these deductions with those of other eminent scholars before accepting them unreservedly.

Speaking largely, the first volume is more characterised by originality of thought and phrasing than the second. The masterly opening chapters, which describe the struggle of the old formalism with the newly awakened feeling for naturalism, are among the finest portions of the work. Dr. Muther depicts with great skill the growth of the new idea of perspective, instinctively used by Massaccio and later made into a definite theory with irrefutable laws by the efforts of many different men, of whom Brunelleschi—who appears by an odd blunder as "Brunellesco"—was in a way the pioneer. We are carried along by the powerful manner in which Dr. Muther brings out the essential points and omits the unessential until we come to an assertion which is likely to provoke more discussion than almost any other in the book. He attaches an importance to the arrival in Florence of the "Adoration of the Kings," by Hugo van der Goes, which few persons will accept without some doubt. Certainly he does

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not here prove the truth of his theory regarding the tremendous influence of the Flemish altar-piece, and, in the absence of such proof, the number of painters conceived by him to owe their style to the study of this picture is really unbelievable.

Much easier is it to follow Dr. Muther in his original but convincing argument regarding the ultimate effect of Savonarola's fulminations upon art. He thinks that, so far from injuring art, the great Florentine preacher performed a great service to painting, that, by "transforming the realist's love of nature to a higher, more significant beauty," he raised the whole spirit of art and made such a man as Leonardo da Vinci possible. Equally striking is the comparison of Dürer and Holbein, in which Dr. Muther describes the former in glowing terms and has, one must perceive, scant patience for the "extraordinary objectivity" of the latter, great as he admits his art to be. Another admirable piece of interpretation is the study of Titian; but his picture of Michelangelo is pitched in too consistently low a key; one feels that the gloom and dourness of disposition of the man and the anatomical passion of the artist are both somewhat exaggerated. Of Raphael he writes sanely, but not enthusiastically. Raphael's pupils and descendants have scant shrift, however. The characterisation of Giulio Romane is particularly uncompromising. With the appearance of Caravaggio Dr. Muther once more becomes interested in his subject. "The first great naturalist" is one of those always dangerous generalities which we scarcely expect to encounter in such a work as this.

With French art, in the period treated, Dr. Muther has no real sympathy; after Claude and Poussin he finds little to admire. In Spain he writes brilliantly and penetratingly of Velasquez, but in keeping with his natural artistic leanings, inclines to over-accentuate the faults of Murillo's style. At their worst Murillo's pictures might be termed "elegant and mediocre," but the general application of the adjectives is rash. The studies of Rubens and Van Dyck are among the most notable critiques in the book; in the case of Rembrandt Dr. Muther fails to display his usual delicacy of perception. The sketch is drawn purely from the outside. English art is treated rather inadequately. Indeed, the whole latter portion of the second volume is inferior to the rest of the work, and gives the effect of having been written in a much more hurried and perfunctory manner.

Yet with all the adverse criticisms and mental reservations that one may make, the fact still remains that this *History of Painting* is an unusual and remarkable contribution to the synthesis of the history of European painting. It may be that the more complete work which we may hope to have in translation before long will render convincing certain points which we cannot wholly understand, and in any case the interesting nature of Dr. Muther's standpoint is unquestionable, whether one agrees with it or not. In conclusion, it should be added that the two volumes are in every way suitably gotten out by the publishers, and that an abundance of full-page plates has been inserted. No serious student of art should fail to possess the work; on the other hand, he should not allow its doctrines to supplant those of other standard works without due weighing of the evidence presented on both sides.

Elizabeth Kendall.

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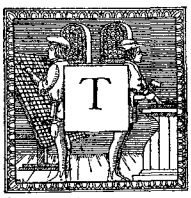
SOME NEW NATURE BOOKS*



HE idea that supply can create demand may make certain "dismal science" expounders roll over in their graves, but it seems a fair question whether, after all, the "nature fakirs" are not chiefly responsible for the ever-increasing supply of nature books. Clearly there are many more of these books nowadays than there were before Mr. Seton began to tell us about the lions and bears he had known who had committed suicide rather than bear the ills they had; or Mr. Long watched that woodcock stand still for half an hour on one leg, waiting for the clay cast it had applied to the other broken one to get hard.

And it isn't surprising that of the mass of such matter now getting between covers an appreciable amount should be of a kind which will not stand scrutiny either as natural history, or as plain common or garden "literature."

Of the strictly bird books now under consideration, the most remarkable, so far as text is concerned, is Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter's *What I Have Done with Birds.* If the reader expects from the form of the title to find a self-effacing account of what the author has done, he will be disappointed. "A deep love for, and a comprehension of, wild things runs through the thread [sic] of my disposition, peculiarly equipping me to do these things," modestly declares Mrs. Porter. And again: "No man has ever had the patience to remain with a bird until he has secured a real character study of it," which will be interesting news to Mr. Finley, Mr. Dugmore, Mr. Baynes, Mr. Loring, Mr. Job (of Connecticut, not of the Old Testament), and various other impatient and bungling bird-photographers. Similar self-appreciation or self-consciousness constantly reappears throughout the book. Of the illustrations, the colour photographs are mostly wretched affairs—for which the author, of course, is not to blame. The coloured plate of the male cardinal makes the bird altogether too dark a red, while the shadows have the effect of black blotches on the plumage. The "Brooding King Rail" and the "Pair of Young Bell Birds" (wood-thrushes), both coloured plates, are better, but are obviously and somewhat clumsily retouched. The catbird's nest and eggs, in colour, are about as bad as they could be, the nest coming out a light *yellow.* The half-tones are much better; some of them, indeed, are remarkably good pictures, such as those of the dusky falcon, the "chicken hawk" (a name applied at random, by farmers, to any large hawk), the kingfisher, the barn owl, the vulture, and the blue jay feeding its young. If one can be patient with the text, the book, which is very handsomely printed, is worth having.

The coloured illustrations in Mr. Hawkes's book, *Tenants of the Trees,* are also mainly pretty bad. Here we find bluebirds with the *entire under parts red,* whereas the bird has only its throat, breast and sides a reddish brown, and its belly almost pure white; while a *blue and green* 'coon is not likely to be found outside of the psychopathic ward of Bellevue, or some similar habitat. The text, too, contains some curious blunders. Speaking of young birds, Mr. Hawkes says: "In two or three *weeks* first feathers appear, and in as many *months* they

*What I Have Done with Birds. By Gene Stratton-Porter. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Tenants of the Trees. By Clarence Hawkes. Illustrated by Louis Rhead. Boston: L. C. Page and Company.

Nimrod's Wife. By Grace Gallatin Seton. Illustrated by Walter K. Stone. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Outdoors: a Book of the Woods, Fields and Marshlands. By Ernest McGaffey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Nature's Craftsmen: Popular Studies of Ants and Other Insects. By Henry Christopher McCook. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Bird Notes Afield: Essays on the Birds of the Pacific Coast, with Field Check List. By Charles Keeler. San Francisco and New York: Paul Elder and Company.

Grasshopper Land. By Margaret Warner Morley. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.

The Spirit of Nature Study. By Edward F. Bigelow. New York: A. S. Barnes and Company.

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are shoved from the nest, never to return" (page 68). For the words in italics (which are supplied here) read respectively "days" and "weeks," and the statement will be approximately correct as applied to our common song-birds. And very careful ornithologists deny that it is the practice of birds to force their young from the nest. Certain of the woodpeckers seem to do this, but it is clear that most young birds take to their wings of their own accord, or because of some accidental fright. Again, Mr. Hawkes speaks of the red-winged blackbird with his "flaming red wings" (page 55), whereas the red appears only on the *shoulders,* at the bend of the wings. And since when has it been common for Jenny Wren to build her nest "among the leaves of the woodbine"? (page 65). Jenny seems to prefer a bird-house above all other places, but she will build in almost any *cavity,* natural or artificial. Wilson tells of a pair who built in the sleeve of a workman's coat they found in a barn, and the writer recalls seeing a reproduced photograph of a wren's nest fitted nicely into the hip pocket of a pair of fishing trousers which some Mrs. Ike Walton had hung out on a line to dry. But in *vines,* or any such place—*never,* as far as the writer is aware. Again, Mr. Hawkes speaks of the birds hoping "that the black snake, the crow and the *king-bird* will not discover their abodes" (page 65). Black snakes and crows, birds have good reason to fear, but who ever knew a *king-bird* to rob another bird's nest?

Mrs. Seton's book, *Nimrod's Wife,* offers another study of feminine self-consciousness, superimposed, in this instance, upon a perfervid and, at times, amusingly naive hero-worship. Some of the stories are of the kind which might be expected; for example, the yarn about the "Jack Rabbit Dance," which describes how a lot of rabbits disported themselves at night by the light of an acetylene lamp. "We counted twenty," declares Mrs. Seton, "playing 'follow the leader.' It was a weird sight—a Rabbit Shadow Dance." And so on. Once she had a chance to shoot a bear, and had that strange conviction which, she says, the hunter often experiences, that his shot is surely going to be fatal; but she didn't shoot, because "he had refused to injure me! Could I do less?" And so on.

In his book, *Outdoors,* Mr. McGaffey says: "There are few persons who have noted the distinctive peculiarities of the more common birds, so as to be able to tell one from the other at long distances" (page 34), a sufficiently wild statement. And one begins to wonder what Mr. McGaffey's observation has been like when he says: "The turtledove's course through the air is almost *noiseless,* swift, sustained, vigorous and suggestive of power" (page 37), whereas, in point of fact, the distinctive thing about this bird's flight is the loud whistling of its wings. Again, he says in describing the quickness of the loon's diving: "But if you send a thirty-two-calibre rifle bullet out over the water at the head of the nearest bird, he will dive down *at the report* like a flash, and your bullet will waste its force on the water," etc. ("In the Haunts of the Loon," page 53). Apparently Mr. McGaffey doesn't know that a rifle bullet travels much faster than sound does, and that, therefore, it is at the *flash* of a gun, not at the *report,* that the loon must dive. It is doubtful if a loon could escape a good thirty-two-calibre rifle held true at any reasonable range; and he is quite at the mercy of smokeless powder in either a rifle or a shotgun.

Mr. McGaffey seems quite sure that the cat-bird is never conspicuous while he is singing. "Like a true-hearted minstrel he is a modest singer who seeks shady retirement . . . to pour out his music" (page 121). Now, this is far from true as an unqualified statement; for the cat-bird often performs from the very top of a tree, or the tallest fence post he can find, as does the brown thrasher; and as for an audience, people who have porches or lawn seats which a cat-bird can command know how reluctant he is about having his song overheard. Still more astonishing is Mr. McGaffey's statement, "Only rarely, in my experience, does a cat-bird choose the daytime for his gift of song" (page 122). It chanced to be within a few minutes of noon as the writer was reading these lines, and at that very moment the piccolo-flute-clarinet *pot-pourri* of a cat-bird came floating across

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the stream from the opposite bank of the river on which his window faced. There is hardly a singer (of this latitude) whose general vocalisation has less relation to the position of the sun than has the catbird's.

In striking contrast to the foregoing evidently amateurish and emotional natural history, is the obvious verisimilitude, in both letter and spirit, of Mr. McCook's admirable book, *Nature's Craftsmen,* with its good illustrations by Harry Fenn. It requires no especial knowledge of the subject to detect in these pages the eye and the mind of the born naturalist—the eye that sees keenly and accurately, and patiently notes details as well as essentials; the mind that interprets correctly and dispassionately what has been seen. Of the present volume, nine chapters, constituting more than one-third of the book, are devoted to the various activities of ants, and a most remarkable and interesting recital it is,—fairly amazing, indeed, to the reader who is unfamiliar with the life of these wonderful insects. There is a vivid account of the Kidnapping Ants and their Slaves, with a description of the foray of the red ants, the slave-makers, upon the village of the black ants; the assault, battle and pillage that follow, and the return of the invaders with the young of the black ants, who thereafter live in a state of servitude to their captors. Surely, as Mr. Burroughs says, "no man can invent incidents and traits as interesting as the reality," and it is clearly the reality that is set down here. Besides the ants, Mr. McCook treats in similar manner the wild bees, the aeronautic spiders, "tailoring" animals, the huntress wasps, the cicada, the water-striders and the net-making caddis worm. It is a veritable wonder-book.

Mr. Keeler's *Bird Notes Afield* is a readable and informing account of the birds of the Pacific coast; it will be appreciated especially by bird observers here in the East, because of the scarcity of good books about Western birds. There is an interesting opening chapter, which summarizes the birds of Mr. Keeler's region, and compares them with the analogous sub-species or varieties bearing the same or similar names in the Eastern and Middle States. At times Mr. Keeler seems to be in danger of giving the birds credit for rather too much intelligence of the reasoning kind. In his chapter "Nesting Time," he speaks of "the scrutiny with which the builders inspect every available site," and "the judgment used in placing the nest where it will escape detection." But there are many evidences of stupidity in these very operations. There was once a robin who insisted upon building her nest on a step-ladder which was being used in and moved about a garden at intervals of every hour or less. And how about the robin of whom Mr. Burroughs tells this amusing story (in *Ways of Nature*):

> The bird built its nest in the south end of a rude shed that covered a table at a railroad terminus upon which a locomotive was frequently turned. When her end of the shed was turned north she built another nest in the temporary south end, and as the reversal of the shed ends continued from day to day, she soon had two nests with two sets of eggs. When I last heard from her she was consistently sitting on that particular nest which happened to be for the time being in the end of the shed facing toward the south.

Mr. Keeler speaks of the cliff-swallows which, as he says, "originally nested upon the face of the rocky cliffs," but now "find the eaves of our barns a very acceptable substitute." But both the cliff-swallow and the phœbe—another natural cliff or crag-dweller—show, in their new nesting habits, how blind is their instinct and how slight their intelligence. For the cliff-swallow not only continues to make its nest of mud, which, though it would blend with the colour of cliffs, is apt to be very conspicuous on *boards,* but frequently tries to fasten its nest upon boards which have been painted, or planed so smooth that the mud will not adhere to them, and the nest falls, sometimes with the eggs or young. So with the phœbes, who build freely in our barns, sheds, bridges, and even under our porches which are constantly in use, but *always* with the light gray mud which, though it would match the colour of the crags, is likely to be conspicuous in the colour schemes of man-made structures. This summer the present writer has seen a pair of phœbes rearing their young in a

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nest built on a projection near the roof of a porch upon which the occupants of the house spent many hours of the days and evenings. To begin with, the ledge was so narrow that it would hardly have supported the nest, and a strip of wood was supplied, by the young man of the house, to widen the foundation. But the significant fact was that against the *dark red* side of the house the *gray mud* nest, meant for the crags, or some similarly colored surroundings, was about as inconspicuous as a snow-ball on a pile of coal. These incidents suggest how much real "judgment" a bird exercises, after all, in its nesting operations. However, Mr. Keeler's text shows few such lapses, and much accurate and discerning observation, while his book is very handsomely made and printed, and the sixteen half-tone illustrations, from photographs by Herman T. Bohlman and William L. Finley, are excellent bird portraitures.

Though the tone of Miss Morley's book, *Grasshopper Land,* indicates that it is intended for children, the author declares that this is not the case, and warns boys and girls that they must not grumble at her long words. At any rate, she evidently knows a great deal about such insects, and what she knows she has set forth in very entertaining and lucid form. She tells just how the grasshopper both jumps and flies; and there are also chapters about the various kinds of locusts, to say nothing of katydids and crickets; all of which is presented in language which will shock entomologists, and please people who really want to know. The book is well illustrated by clear line drawings.

Equally lucid and sensible, if necessarily less sprightly, is Mr. Bigelow's book, *The Spirit of Nature Study,* in which the author has many effective and deserved flings at the stupidity and inanity of much that passes for the study of nature in schools and elsewhere. His chapter "The Child or You" ought to set many a teacher and parent thinking, and the one entitled "I Don't Know" makes very clear the values of that phrase and the absurdity of the person who doesn't know how, or, worse yet, doesn't dare, to use it.

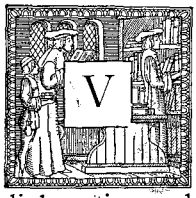
George Gladden.

THE EXPATRIATES

III.—THE AMERICAN COLONY IN LONDON

BY CONSTANCE SMEDLEY

IN TWO PARTS. PART II—CLUB LIFE, LITERATURE, THE STAGE, AND AMERICAN INDUSTRY



ARIOUS sections of society, however, apart from the most fashionable, feel the influence of the American woman. One of the most popular of the hostesses in the diplomatic world is Mrs. Alfred Stead (Elaine Hussey), who is still very young and really possesses the beauty always attributed to social favourites! Mrs. Stead's "Mondays" are crowded with ambassadors, ministers and representatives of every legation in London; her sympathies are very wide and keenly interested in everything that is international.

Perhaps the most notable hostess in literary life is Mrs. John Lane (Annie Eisenberg of Boston), at whose house in Kensington Gardens every literary personality of the past, present and future may be met. Mrs. Lane is a brilliant writer, her book, *The Champagne Standard,* being one of the successes of

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last season. She preserves, however, her Boston exclusiveness, and while she is the kindest of hostesses, exercises great care in her visiting list, so that there is little of the Bohemian element in her parties.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton is another American who visits London every season and holds brilliant weekly receptions, which are one of the most important features of English literary society.

Her gentleness and charm make Mrs. Moulton very much sought after, and especially by the more conservative of intellectual social personages.

More catholic in her hospitality is Mrs. Harry Chamberlain, wife of the doyen of the American newspaper correspondents resident in London, Harry Chamberlain, of the *Sun*. It is said that no American of the middle class comes to London without a letter to Mrs. Chamberlain, and on her Sunday evenings fifty or sixty "new" Americans sometimes turn up, sure of a welcome from the most hospitable of all London's hostesses.

Mrs. Chamberlain is a leading member of the Society of American Women in London, founded by Mrs. Hugh Reid Griffin, whose president is now a famous American club woman, Mrs. Webster-Glynn, at one time president of the Federation of Women's Clubs in America. This society owes its origin to a charming thought on the part of the American women resident in London, who wished not only to meet one another but to unite in entertaining the Englishwomen among whom they found themselves. The monthly lunches of this society, held first at Prince's and now at the Hotel Cecil, are deservedly popular, for not only are the most interesting and prominent women of the day the guests of honour, but the pleasant courtesy of the many American hostesses give English visitors a bewildering glimpse of the cordial and spontaneous hospitality, the graceful art of which seems to be *par excellence* the property of the American woman.

Before we conclude this recital of the American woman's influence in London, and she is indeed the "feature" of the colony, we must mention also the American Circle of the Lyceum Club, the president of which Circle is Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the American ambassadress, and the chair of its executive committee, Madame Thayer, an American whose scheme for the establishment of reciprocal scholarships for girls at English and American universities on the lines of the Rhodes Trust is meeting with great enthusiasm from all women interested in education on both sides of the water. The Lyceum Club (the headquarters of which are at 128 Piccadilly, London, and 118B Potsdammerstrasse, Berlin) has over four hundred American members, including the heads of most of the leading American women's colleges and the most prominent American authoresses; and the Circle was formed as a miniature women's embassy and consulate combined to give all possible help to members, both English and American, travelling between the countries and to further ensure a hearty welcome to all American members, whether on duty or pleasure bent, who come here!

Possibly because American leaders of English society assume their place therein by virtue of their husbands' positions and not through their American ancestry, the American Embassy does not occupy a very important place in English life, especially at the present juncture, as the great age and continued ill health of the Hon. Whitelaw Reid debars him from occupying a place of much prominence in English public life. Although the Reids have taken one of the largest mansions in town, Dorchester House, they spend the great portion of their time at their country place, West Park, Ampthill, Bedfordshire, where Mrs. Whitelaw Reid entertains weekly house parties. While Mr. Reid is universally respected, his ill health scarcely allows the public to make his acquaintance, and the Choates, who possess great social popularity and influence, are widely missed.

Mr. John Ridgeley Carter, the first secretary, and his charming wife (Alice Morgan) have been associated with the embassy for so long—since 1886—that they have won a firm set of friends among the resident Americans in London, though they can hardly be said to be either public or social figureheads of eminence.

Mr. Craig Wadsworth, the second secretary, is one of the popular bachelors in

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society. It is curious, however, what comparatively small consequence is attached to the American Embassy in comparison with the position assumed by the embassies of other nations. The Marquis de Villalobar, First Secretary of the Spanish Embassy; Count Bennstorff, late First Secretary of the German Embassy; Count Mutsu, of the Japanese, and so on, are all important figures in social and public life; whereas apart from the American ambassador, no particular notice is taken of the rest of the embassy *personnelle* beyond the popularity they may win among their personal acquaintances. Perhaps this is because so many distinguished Americans come over here that they monopolise public esteem and carry out, as individuals, the representation of their country! Also it may be that American independence refuses to attach much importance to official representation, and considers that the American Democracy can be best exemplified by individual citizens.

The American Consulate is a storehouse of readily accessible goodwill and information, the new consul being Robert J. Wynne, the vice and deputy consul-general Richard Westacott, and the deputy consul-general Francis W. Frigout.

A keenly watchful eye is kept there over American business interests, and necessarily, for now that we come to the world of commerce, we find American men as much to the fore as are their womenkind in the English social world.

One of the most important business men is John Morgan Richards, proprietor of "Carter's Little Liver Pills," and—curious anomaly—*The Academy,* an English literary journal of high import. He is also the leading spirit in an advertisement club which bears the mystic name of The Sphinx, and the object of which is to encourage the art of advertising, an art which America has certainly revolutionised in this country—with John Morgan Richards as the "head and front of the offending." It is he we have to thank for the introduction of violent signboards into peaceful English meadows. Colonel Hunsiker, European manager of the Carnegie Steel Trust, and Mr. Van Duzer are also very prominent American leaders of the business world here.

First of the American industries that have imprinted themselves most firmly on public imagination comes perhaps "Fuller's Sweets"! Fuller's various candy and cake stores are particularly noticeable owing to the way in which the windows are dressed, a fresh colour or combination of colours being used daily, the same for every store in whatever part of the city. Consequently the shop windows blaze forth like newly opened flowers, and this in conjunction with the American cakes and candies, and the important fact that there is no English firm of sweet-makers in the retail field, all such firms being conducted only on wholesale lines, gives them practically the monopoly of this particular trade.

Fullers may be *passé* in New York, but here it is still a name to conjure with, and quite as popular with English people as with Americans, as many as twenty-five depôts having been opened.

The American taste in footwear is also winning many recruits, the English boots and shoes being universally despised by all good Americans. The Sorosis Shoe Company (under the management of Mr. Harry van Liew) has become the best-known name in "boot-and-shoe circles," although the Walk-Over Shoe Company (George H. Woodman, manager) has many more depôts, advertising as a specialty "George E. Keith Company's American Boots and Shoes."

American clocks—famed for cheapness—the Ansonia Clock Company, with Mr. Edward T. Pryor as manager; American food products, Heinz's pickles, Horlick's malted milk, Libby and Armour's canned meats, Quaker Oats, Shredded Wheat, and so on—all have London houses and are familiar names to English people. Tiffany has a shop in Regent Street and is our great jeweller! Sewing machines seem to hail entirely from America, Singer, Wheeler and Wilson, and Wilcox and Gibbs being the best-known names here; while all our typewriters are American, Blickensdorf, Underwood, Densmore, Empire, Hammond, Oliver, Remington, Smith-Premier, Bar-Lock and Yôst, all having London offices, besides half-a-dozen other less well-known firms.

And Jackson's in Piccadilly is one of the most famous stores in London, for

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FULLER'S IN LONDON

while it caters specially and ostensibly only for "Homesick Americans hungry for home cookery," providing them with every possible form of American food that can be canned and exported, yet English people of adventurous disposition have through this famous store become acquainted with such typical American products as Boston fish-balls, clam chowder, popcorn and soapstone griddles!

Considerably over two thousand American firms have offices in London alone, and with the number of Americans employed in assistant capacities, it would be safe to reckon on something like an aggregate of ten thousand American business men who are engaged in transposing our business world on American lines.

The American man is here, right enough, and his presence is beginning to be very distinctly felt in business circles, although until the advent of the Rhodes scholars one was almost unaware of his existence here in England.

The American Rhodes scholars studying now at Oxford have been much fêted and entertained, and have won golden opinions everywhere, as much for their modesty as for their general manliness. They have fallen into college life with great adaptability, have taken an active part in the various college interests, many are seen on the river and in the football field, while at this year's Oxford and Cambridge sports the Rhodes men carried away many of the honours, their success being very popular with the crowd.

They have formed a thriving American Club at Oxford, where all the American papers and periodicals are stocked and where they have weekly discussions

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on questions of American interest. Some of the Rhodes scholars have shown great gifts for public speaking at the various functions where they have been entertained.

But if Americans occupy a big place in the social and business worlds, there is another in which they figure even more pre-eminently: that of literature.

No English humourist enjoys a reputation equal to that of Mark Twain. He is as well known to every schoolboy and schoolgirl as he is to their grandparents. He is one of the steady British institutions, perennially young. Perhaps next to him in public esteem comes Henry James, who is, of course, domiciled in England, and who has also become an English tradition, an enthusiastic appreciation of the "master" constituting the hall-mark of English culture!

Next in popularity comes a little group of women novelists, of whom Mary Wilkins and Edith Wharton take perhaps the highest rank, with Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs) herself a yearly visitant to these shores, where she has many friends, including the Misses Findlater. Celebrities who talk well are rare, and Mrs. Riggs has a great reputation for her brilliance and social charm. Mrs. Riggs must entertain a doubtful impression of the sincerity of her English admirers owing to the widespread confusion between her and *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* (the name of Alice Hegan Rice, the author, being practically unknown to the British public in spite of the popularity of her works). Mrs. Riggs, Kate Douglas Wiggin, however, is one of our best-loved authors, and consequently her path is one long trail of explanation that she did *not* write the *Cabbage Patch.* Not only on her last arrival in London was she greeted on every railway bookstall with huge placards of her new book, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,* by the author of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* but at a public luncheon given in her honour she found herself being formally welcomed in a speech which announced that she needed no introduction, as all had grown to love her in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* some one having whispered into the nervous speaker's ear, "Whatever you do, *don't forget* to mention Mrs. Wiggs." It is fortunate that Mrs. Riggs possesses a sense of humour and a kind heart.

Gertrude Atherton is another English favourite; while Mrs. Hodgson Burnett is perhaps the best known of all American women writers, and has a delightful estate in Kent with a wonderful rose garden which just fits the author of *Little Lord Fauntleroy.*

Upton Sinclair is another striking name to English people, the growing Socialistic tendencies of this country ensuring him a ready and appreciative hearing.

Robert Lorimer (author of *Letters from a Self-Made Merchant*), Owen Wister, Winston Churchill, Mary Johnstone, Baroness von Hutten and Mrs. C. N. Williamson are all popular, as are W. D. Howells, James Lane Allen, George Cable and Booth Tarkington.

The "best sellers" of America must, however, find a striking discrepancy between their sales on account of the comparative smallness of the English circulation for well-written novels.

Meredith Nicholson's *House of a Thousand Candles,* of which about three thousand copies were sold here, or *The Fighting Chance,* by Robert K. Chambers (a fairly well-known name), which has totalled about four thousand copies, may be cited as typical examples.

Marion Crawford has so firm a hold upon us that we forget that he is an American; and the same may be said of Jack London and Elizabeth Robins, the latter of whom is permanently established here, her books commanding a very high reputation second to no other woman novelist. She has lately been coming into great public prominence owing to her championship of the suffrage question, her play, *Votes for Women,* having won much popular favour at the home of the Shaw dramas, the Court Theatre.

While American authors enjoy such popularity, it follows naturally that this popularity is extended also to American magazines, which we unhesitatingly place far above any English productions. *Harper's* (Harper's London house), *Scribner's* (Heinemann) and the *Century* (Macmillan) come first, being established firmly in public favour and seen in all clubs and libraries. *Munsey's* is a highly

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popular feature of the bookstalls, and still more so is the *Smart Set,* one of the very few shilling magazines which has a widespread sale. We have also a successful English edition of *The World's Work* (Heinemann), run on strictly British and Imperial lines by a recently imported American, Mr. Chalmers Roberts.

On the other hand, such American successes as *McClure's* or *Everybody's* are unknown here, as are also the *Cosmopolitan* or *Ainslee's.*

Other American magazines are published by English houses: the *North American Review* (Heinemann) and the *Atlantic Monthly* (Constable).

THE AMERICAN CONSULATE

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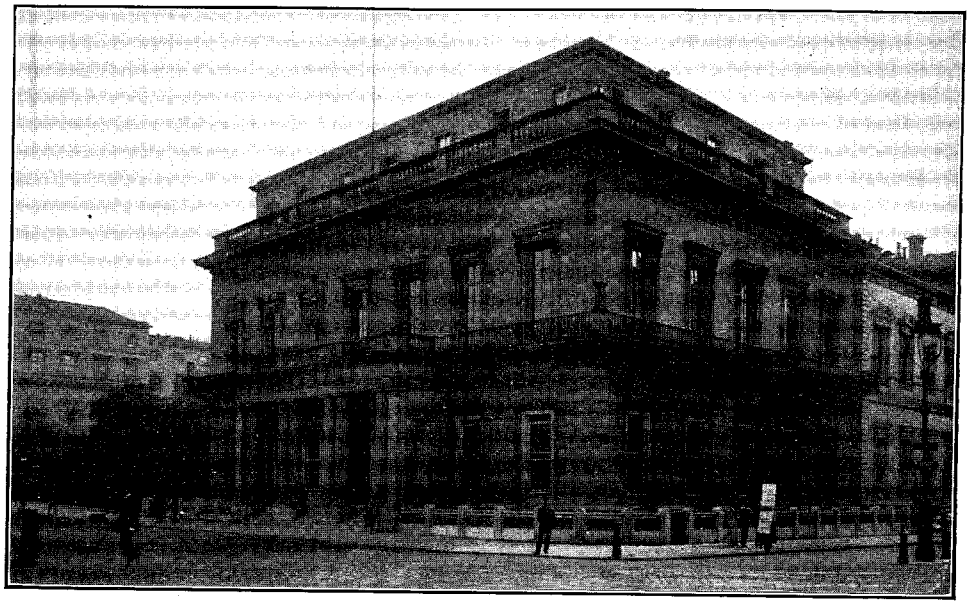

THE ATHENÆUM CLUB

The Athenæum membership list includes the names of some distinguished Americans

The business side of literature has not escaped the eagle eye of the American, and the agent *par excellence* in London is an American, Mr. Curtis Brown, who has won the representation of nearly every prominent English author. I use the term "won," because London is the birthplace of the literary agent, Mr. Watt, the doyen and, indeed, the originator of the corps, still holding sway, with a dozen others.

Mr. Brown, in addition to being the representative of many American magazines and newspapers, is owner of the most important American mail syndicate, which supplies a vast quantity of American newspapers with a weekly service, under the management of a brilliant young American newspaper correspondent, Hayden Church.

Many well-known American newspapers have their own representatives and London offices, however, the foremost and oldest of these being Mr. Chamberlain, of the *Sun.* Mr. Ford, of the New York *Tribune;* Mr. Tuohy, of the *World;* Mr. Welch, of the *Times;* Mr. E. F. Flynn, of the New York *Journal,* and Mr. E. P. Bell, of the Chicago *Daily News,* are all important figures in the newspaper world.

Max Eliot (Granville Ellis) is the principal American woman journalist in London, having been the English correspondent of the Boston *Herald* for twenty years.

The principal American journalists on the London press are Mr. Ralph D. Blumenfeld, editor of the *Daily Express,* a halfpenny, one of whose leading correspondents is also an American, Mr. Percival Phillips; while Mr. W. M. Goode, late manager of the great Associated Press Cable Agency, is now the news editor of the *Standard,* another of Pearson's publications. Mr. Walter Smith, editor of the American *Strand,* is another leading American editor in residence here.

A great believer in American journalism is Alfred Harmsworth, Baron Northcliffe,who has recently imported Pomeroy Burton, of the New York *Journal,* at a reputed salary of $50,000 yearly, whose business consists in the entire overlooking of the Harmsworth publications, one of which, the *Weekly Despatch,* is absolutely the copy of an American Sunday paper.

The Americanisation of our theatres through the Frohman and Shubert managements scarcely needs reference; it may be interesting, however, to note that in

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musical comedy an American girl has filled the place of supreme reigning belle for some ten years past. First came Edna May, whose place in the hearts of the gilded youth of London was captured by Pauline Chase, supplanted in her turn by Camille Clifford (just married to Lord Aberdare's eldest son and heir), who is still holding sway.

Camille Clifford has won a curious public esteem over here, not only through her romantic marriage, nor the fact that she is the accepted type of the Gibson girl, but also because of her plucky struggle when she was drawing all London—and thirty shillings a week—and living in a tiny Soho bed-sitting-room, which was crowded with the most costly exotics, handed up to her each night, although she frequently had not enough to eat. A then unknown little dressmaker in Kensington created and made for her a curious type of evening gown, laced down almost to her heels, making them for nothing for the sake of the advertisement. After the luxury which most American chorus girls appear to be born to, Camille Clifford's hard struggle and her obvious simplicity of dress and living came as a surprise to the English people, which has not been scanty in its appreciation of her.

Marie George, Madge Lessing, Mabel Gilman, Eva Kelly, Billie Burke, are also extremely popular with English audiences, as are J. L. Sullivan, J. F. Coyne; while Eugene Stratton, H. J. Knowles, Happy Fanny Fields are some of our most popular stars of the music-halls.

In the higher walks of the profession first comes Mary Anderson (Madame de Navarro), who lives in a beautiful old country house in the midlands and only appears in London on rare occasions to sing for some East End charity; Mrs. Brown Potter, Paul Arthur, Gertrude Elliot (Mrs. Forbes-Robertson), Suzanne Sheldon (Mrs. Henry Ainley), Julie Opp (Mrs. Faversham, who with her husband, William Faversham, has taken Richard Le Gallienne's old country house at Chiddingfold and spends each summer here), Frank Mills and his wife (Helen Macbeth) and Haydn Coffin are all domiciled here, and I doubt if the public even knows that they are American. Still more to the front as a personage is Genevieve Ward (Countess de Guerbel), who alone remains to carry on the stern traditions of dignity and culture which Irving left behind him. Our greatest tragic actress, Genevieve Ward, still reigns supreme over a very brilliant intellectual coterie in London, where she is deeply honoured and to whom she dispenses hospitality with the grace and majesty of the old school. She is particularly interested in art and music, and often helps young aspirants. She teaches elocution to a few favoured pupils only—for love of the work rather than necessity. E. S. Willard is, of course, a name to conjure with, and William Gillette is another of the very few American actors who have made as great a success here as in America, his triumph being only rivalled, perhaps, by that of Mrs. Leslie Carter. Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliot never really captured popular favour. Imre Kiralfy (his wife is also an American) has, of course, stamped his name very large on London, owing to the huge national Earl's Court exhibitions he organises yearly. These exhibitions are now attaining quite diplomatic interest, the various European countries seeking to be "exhibited" on account of the impetus to trade.

It cannot be said, however, that public opinion is interested in the drama in America. The American system of one star with a poor company has perhaps discredited the whole profession; but it is certain that while we are prepared to acclaim American soubrettes, beauties and comedians, we are neither interested nor cognisant of the more serious and important phases of American manifestations of dramatic art.

Mrs. Carr Cook, Miss Eleanor Robson, Mrs. Leslie Carter, and Miss Annie Russell have made personal successes, but we do not regard them really seriously; and the advent of such great *artistes* as Miss Julia Marlowe and Mr. Sothern has found the British public strangely ignorant. I say "ignorant," because those who have penetrated into the fastnesses of their theatre have come away astounded at the dignity and excellence of their productions. But the magnificent reputation they enjoy in America has not preceded them. We knew nothing of Miss Marlowe's past Shakespearian triumphs. We

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were entirely unprepared for the intelligence, the lucidity and the dignity of Mr. Sothern's *Hamlet*. And while both the casting and the staging of their productions have won golden opinions from the discerning, the names of Julia Marlowe and Sothern still convey nothing to the British public in general. In spite of such great personalities as Ada Rehan and Edwin Booth, we have not adopted the tradition of dignity in relation to the American drama. Let us hope that Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern will leave such a tradition healthily seeded.

At present the most serious form of drama which we expect from the States is romantic melodrama. Mr. Robert Edeson in *Strongheart* has made a great personal if not financial success in this direction. Again, an utterly unknown name here, which doubtful honour is shared by Mr. Breeze, whose wonderful performance in *The Lion and the Mouse* is still fresh in the minds of those who saw that memorable failure. For it may be remarked that, though we associate "American drama" with pieces of the type of *The Lion and the Mouse* and *Strongheart,* we do not by any means flock to see them when they come here. In fact, after the incomprehensible reverses which American managers have experienced here with the most colossal of recent American successes, they might be forgiven if they left the English public severely alone for a time.

We cannot let the dramatic world pass by without referring to Miss Elizabeth Marbury, the only dramatists' agent of any importance in London, who has the field practically to herself. Her offices in Green Street, Leicester Square, are the business offices of most of the English dramatists. She is the sole representative in England both of the Société des Auteurs et Compositeurs of France and of the American Dramatists' Club. Miss Marbury visits London yearly, and is considered quite one of the most important features of London dramatic circles. It is singular that two Americans should act as the business tutelary deities of English authors.

In music, resident American "stars" are even more numerous. David Bispham is the principal baritone of our Covent Garden Opera House and an enormous favourite with the public and critics alike. Lilian Blauveldt, Marie Duma, Emma Eames, Evangeline Florence, Lucile Hill, Frank Lincoln, Zélie de Lussan, Denis O'Sullivan, Esther Palliser, Amy Sherwin (Mrs. Hugo Gortitz), Ella Russell and Susan Strong (who has lately started a laundry!) being some of our very first programme names. All have houses here and are part of the recognised stationary London musical world.

In art, singularly enough, our most famous painter and our most famous etcher are Americans. F. S. Sargent stands above all other "R.A.'s." He occupies a position in the artistic and social world which can hardly be over-estimated. Extremely reserved and "difficult," he is almost impossible of access. His studio in Tite Street is perhaps the only real "salon" in London, entrance thereto being as difficult as in the old French days. He is very musical, and delights in the work of the most modern composers, lending a friendly ear to our young men of talent. He is particularly interested in Chamber Music, and many new quartettes and quintettes are first heard beneath his friendly roof.

"Joe Pennell," one of the leading spirits of the "International" (the finest and most important yearly exhibition which is held in London), is one of the wittiest, the most outspoken and occasionally the rudest man in London. He is, however, extremely popular, as his honesty and fearlessness are only equalled by his extraordinary ability: as draughtsman and etcher no one approaches him. He is renowned for his after-dinner speeches and is one of the best-known and most respected figures in the Bohemian artistic world.

Edwin Abbey, R.A., is another of our most highly esteemed painters, his etchings and book illustrations being as widely famed as his pictures. He has a beautiful old country house—Morgan Hall, in Gloucestershire—as well as his town house—Chelsea Lodge—in the street where he is a near neighbour of Sargent. Mr. Abbey is a great recluse.

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THE MOTHER OF THE MAN*

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

CHAPTER VIII

BUDDING OF THE LARCHES

THE hamlet of Merivale boasted no place of worship, but Sampford Spiney's crocketed church-towers were visible in the distance, and when the rainy wind blew, thin bell-music filtered up Walla valley on the seventh day, and certain of the folk would answer that summons.

From Vixen Tor, Avisa and her children set out on Easter Sunday.

To Christians this anniversary possesses a special significance, and those who believe in the resurrection of the dead, at Easter often deck their graves with the only offerings that the dead can receive. Therefore the women carried flowers. Lizzie brought daffodils and violets; her mother bore a bunch of Maréchal Niel roses, the gift of a nursery gardener at Tavistock. Scattered upon the road behind them, others followed. Ruth Rendle walked between the brothers Toop, and Matthew Northmore came alone a quarter of a mile in the rear.

Against the tower of the unnamed church, bursting beech-buds spattered their newborn green; round about were lifted the boles of many trees; and spring moved amid the sleeping-places beneath. Primroses peeped from the mounds where children had planted them, and the wood-sorrel drooped its frail, lovely bells above much dust of vanished men. Here the folk slept; the wind murmured; the seasons marked their passage in lush growth of dock and darnel at the time of the scythe; in falling rain and falling leaves; in starlight and frost and the silences of winter nights. Grey through the thickening trees, the heights of Pu Tor towered, round about the land fell by fields and homesteads to the river.

The gravestone of Ives Pomeroy stood to the north of the church tower. It was of slate, deeply incised; but ample room remained upon it to record his wife's passing when she should sink to lie with him. The dead man's favourite text was also graven here by his command—part of Isaiah 50:2: "Is my hand shortened at all that it cannot redeem? or have I no power to deliver?"

Lizzie arranged the flowers, and Ives, at his mother's direction, drew a dandelion from its roothold on the grave. Many other little companies also brought their gifts and arranged them in tin crosses and jam-pots. Some wore holiday colours and went cheerfully about their tender task; others were clad in black and laid their flowers silently on recent mounds. The bells rang their loudest; the sun shone; a little knot of men in black stood near the porch to watch the congregation enter.

"I'm not going in to-day, mother," said Ives suddenly.

"'Tis a very special day and I could much wish that you would," she answered quietly.

"What's the sense of it? I'm in no case for all this bleating and psalm-singing; and as for eating the Bread, 'twould choke me, feeling so damned wicked as I have of late."

Avisa nodded her head.

"There's sense in that," she said. "I know how 'tis with you. Walk back along through the inn-country and see what's doing, and—perhaps you'll come to evening service with me."

He hesitated, for he knew that it would be good to her to have him beside her in church. An instinct to please her kept him dawdling about the churchyard awhile after Avisa had entered; then he shook himself impatiently and strode off down the deep lanes to the river.

Lizzie and Arthur Brown sat together in church near Mrs. Pomeroy. They whispered and shook their heads at the conduct of Ives. To the schoolmaster, it seemed a very serious defection on such a day—almost equivalent to a denial of faith. The young people were more

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concerned about it than the mother, and Lizzie found her joy at the service clouded. She even cried a little in secret, for this was a terrible event to her. She only grew more resigned when Arthur went to the lectern.

Meantime the stricken Ives hung over Ward Bridge, lighted his pipe and smoked in gloom. Before him Walla's waters foamed under a haze of grey twigs and drooping branches. Spring had fondled the trees and they were full of the mellow light of opening buds. The river ran clear and flashed a salute to each moss-clad stone upon her way. She twinkled into foam at many falls; she loitered in backwaters and little bays; she smoothed her face to stillnesss that young stars and buds and delicious things, bursting their sheaths, might bend and see their own loveliness. The oaks were giving out an amber light under the sunshine; the alders opened tiny trim fans of green; the great woodrush and water parsnip sprawled with their feet in the river; and kingcups, cuckoo-flowers, and the foliage of the iris brightened the water-meadows. Aloft, along deep hillsides under Vixen Tor, countless pavilions of the larch were glittering in their first rapture of young green. The vernal glory of them was touched and outlined with pure light, so that each particular tree made itself felt in the mass, and uttered that magic note of reality and life, beyond all power of artist's word or painter's stain to win from Nature and set upon paper. Each spire of all these myriad spires preserved a gracious individual distinction in the commonwealth; perhaps not one would have been missed; yet not one could have been spared from that emerald mantle here superbly flung upon the shoulders of the spring. Light dwelt in them as in its proper home; their untold glory held even children's eyes. And beneath them ran the river and spread fields that echoed with the music of lambs.

Young Pomeroy found his mind presently turn to peace. Mundane matters unconsciously interested him a little. For the larches he had no eyes; but he watched a heavy trout feeding beneath him; then he sought the other parapet of the bridge, looked down-stream and marked the great Oaktown coverts of laurel and rhododendron that here spread dark and shining under the russet and grey of the trees. These underwoods were full of game. Deep within them lay the pheasants' quarters. Many men worked in the forest all the year round; a few took their pleasure there for a month or two when the shooting season came; and a still more limited number—the tribe of Moleskin—trespassed therein and combined business with pleasure in defiance of right conduct.

A certain ferocity of spirit made Ives court rather than ignore his kind on this rare spring morning. Presently he left the bridge, broke public bounds by climbing through the woods above it, and anon reached the road under the Moor, along which his mother and the Merivale people would presently return from church to their homes. He sat on a great stone that overhung the way, and stared indifferently at the passers-by. Only when Jill Wickett, in her green dress, and Samuel Bolt appeared, did he show interest. Spring had no match for the peculiar shade of verdancy that Jill wore; but, none the less, she looked very handsome and her beauty survived the ordeal of her gown. Sammy flushed as he caught sight of the man on the rock above him.

"There's that chap!" he whispered. "Come a bit quicker, an' look t'other way!"

But his sweetheart obeyed neither direction. She shook her skirts, slowed her gait and deliberately stared into the frowning face of young Pomeroy. Their eyes met for some seconds and his flashed furious, while hers affected scorn. Ives had time to sneer in the direction of Samuel Bolt and shrug his shoulders. He saw her lips tighten at the insult and consequently found himself in a better temper after they had passed. As they retreated he heard the murmur of their voices and saw the man take out a white handkerchief and mop his forehead.

"'Tis like a red rat marrying a white mouse!" he said to himself. "Anyway, I wish 'em both hell of it; and 'tis likely enough he'll get hell, if she don't."

Lizzie and the schoolmaster next passed. His sister looked mournfully up at Ives. Then he dropped a lump of

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damp moss on Mr. Brown's shining, chimney-pot hat, much to the owner's annoyance.

"You ought to know better, Ives—such silly monkey tricks—Easter Sunday and all," said the other man, as he took off his hat and cleaned its crown.

"And you ought to know better than wear a foolish thing like that on your head—Sunday or no Sunday," shouted his future brother-in-law as Lizzie and her betrothed went on.

Then Peter Toop appeared with Matthew Northmore. The farmer ignored Ives, but Mr. Toop improved the occasion. His brother and others from Merivale followed; then came Ruth Rendle alone. To her Ives condescended to be gracious and give "good-morning." She answered cheerfully and told him that she was coming to drink tea with his mother. As she went on her way, Ives regarded her slight figure and contrasted Ruth with Jill to the latter's advantage. In his eyes most women seemed bloodless, cold and uninteresting beside Jill—since she had refused him. His loss was thus beaten back into his mind, and when Mr. Codd presently passed in review beneath him, darkness had returned to the soul of Ives.

Emanuel glanced up at his master without enthusiasm, and the other insulted him.

"Don't you look at me with that expression, you ugly old ape," he said.

"Don't want to look at you," retorted the head man; "you'm no pleasant sight for a Christian soul, Ives Pomeroy. To be numbered with the Sabbath-breakers and such a bringing up—'tis enough to make angels weep—sitting there like a wild creature that don't know Sunday from week-days."

"No need to tell that twaddle to me."

"Every need, I should reckon. Though 'tis always in at one ear and out at the other with you, when anybody talks sense."

"Get along home, dog," said Ives; then he saw his mother coming with old Rachel Bolt, and he descended and met them. They moved slowly, for the elder woman was lame with rheumatism. But she prattled cheerfully of the future according to her custom, and Avisa listened.

"Come autumn he takes her, and I'm wishful to have a little fuss about it, for never was a more popular man in Merivale than my Sam. His house be too small for a party, and even with mine, t'other side of the way, we couldn't manage very vitty; but down to the Jolly Huntsmen it can be done, and the Toops be going to arrange the spread."

This much Ives heard, then, flashing lightnings on the grey head of Mrs. Bolt, he departed and reached home some time before his mother.

He blamed her bitterly when she returned for listening to these details; he also let it be known that he should quarrel with any member of the family who went to the wedding; then he became calmer, and made a very good meal.

"Is there ought between you and Matthew Northmore?" Avisa said to him presently. "I've asked him to drop in this afternoon, for I like the man very well, and he's terrible lonely to Stone Park; but when I put it to him, he said as he didn't think whether you'd care about it."

"I don't care one way or t'other," answered her son. "Northmore's not my sort. For that matter, none of the people you like ever be my sort; but I go my way, and seek the kind that understand me—them that don't waste their time preaching or pulling long faces. He's a bit too pious and particular for me. They fox-hunters be so wonnerful self-righteous most times. What they do is always right; but if another man has his own ideas about sport and larger opinions than them, then of course he's wrong and sure to go to the devil. However, he's welcome here if you like him."

"I don't know whether he'll come. But he's a very good man, and so was his father before him," she answered.

"Be you well enough for the tea-party, mother?" asked Lizzie, and Mrs. Pomeroy assured her that she was.

Now Matthew Northmore had not intended to accept the invitation, but that happened which changed his mind. He heard that Ruth was to drink tea with the Pomeroys, and the remote possibility of walking back to Merivale with her afterward decided him.

He appeared therefore at Vixen Tor and behaved graciously to Ives when that

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young man appeared in the parlour and took his place at the tea-table.

Conversation was general and of local matters. But presently old Jane Pomeroy beckoned to Ruth and they talked aside together, while Avisa had speech with the master of Stone Park. Lizzie and her sweetheart looked at a family album of photographs together, and Ives left the company, but not before he invited Northmore to climb up Vixen Tor and visit his private holt aloft in the rocks. Matthew, however, refused with an allusion to his best clothes. Then, when the young man was gone, Mrs. Pomeroy discussed her son and warned Northmore to be charitable in his judgments.

"Be sure I am, ma'am," he answered gloomily. "I'd judge no child of yours unkindly. But we've got to rate a man by his friends, not by his mother. I'm not his keeper, but I'm not his friend neither. For the reason that he wouldn't let me be. He's said a good few very rude things to me——"

Northmore broke off and looked toward Ruth Rendle.

"My son is in a bad way just now, along of having lost Wickett's daughter. She chose a more restful pattern of man."

"Who shall blame her?"

"Nobody. Only if you knew what he feels——"

Matthew admitted that at such a time any man must be gently dealt with.

"Perhaps I've been too short and taken the rash, rude things he said too serious. We must allow for a lot where a man's smarting under that. If he'd only work, however. Naught cleanses the mind like work, in my opinion. 'Tis a very sad and dangerous thing to waste such a lot of his precious hours."

"So I say," chimed in the schoolmaster. "It's not only sad and dangerous: it's wrong to the world at large. I've thought out most economic questions for myself, I may tell you. To waste time is to rob the community. The man who wastes time is a deliberate thief, if you look at it right. In my classes I punish laziness as sharply as it is possible."

"'Tis a great blessing to be fond of work," admitted the mother, "but some of the best men I've known in the world hated it; and some of the kindest, pleasantest folk ever I've met with didn't stand to work more than they could help."

"I despise a man who doesn't, all the same," declared Northmore, and Arthur Brown agreed with him. All seemed astonished that Mrs. Pomeroy could view this alarming trait in her son so leniently.

"You of all people—such a worker as you are, mother!" exclaimed Lizzie.

"I'm quick to my work, but not specially fond of doing it," confessed Avisa. "There be some love to mess along all day and make martyrs of theirselves and never be done. And they get the credit of being terrible hardworking, instead of only terrible slow-working. My husband larned me that. He used time like a master. Ives be so quick as a bird building her nest when he takes a task in hand serious. A swift mind he has."

"Wish you could keep him off that bad old man Cawker," said Northmore. "It won't come to good—his seeing such a lot of a poacher."

"I wish I could with all my heart. I'm quite with you there. But I don't know how."

"It wouldn't be at all an unlikely thing if that Moleskin, as they call him, was caught red-handed and sent to prison some day," declared the schoolmaster. "I almost wish it would happen—for the sake of the lesson to Ives."

"Too old—too old for such crooked ways—nearly twenty-five, they tell me. 'Tis an age when he ought to take a graver view of life," continued Northmore.

Mrs. Pomeroy listened patiently; then she rose and went to the women by the fire.

"Another cup of tea, mother?" she asked; but Jane did not immediately answer. She was talking very earnestly with Ruth. Now she broke off and addressed Avisa.

"I doubt you won't be interested, my dear. Ruth and me was having a bit of a tell about the next world, but I always say you'm so wrapped up in this one, that you don't think enough 'pon the next. Now I be different, at my age 'tis right I should be. 'Tis my boast that I live with the Book in reach and never let the sun go down without having read one chapter in

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the Old Testament and two chapters in the New. Year in, year out, I do it."

"Bless your heart, yes, you do. If we all knowed the Word like you, mother!"

"Yet it ban't all so clear as I could wish, for all my reading," confessed Jane Pomeroy.

"Puzzles there always will be. No two Christians can read the book quite alike," said Avisa. "Maybe that's part of the wonder of it."

"Just so," declared the ancient woman. "Ruth here—for my comfort—was saying as there would be no grey hairs in heaven; but I make bold to hope she'm quite mistaken there. Think of me, for instance, at my time of life, in a gay place full of naught but hopeful young folk as never grow tired and never want rest. I should be lost, I'm sure."

"But you'll be young again yourself, my old dear!" declared Ruth.

"Nay, nay, missy. I'd much rather not. Avisa here, as be on the way too, will bear me out in that. Us have had our springtime and don't hanker for another. Us have had what no Heaven can give us again—to say it humbly—haven't us, Avisa?"

"Yes, truly we have," admitted the other. "Heaven's self can't do all that earth can. For why? We shall be changed."

"Heaven's self won't come up to my courting days with Thomas Pomeroy," declared old Jane. "Heaven's self won't give the feeling that I had when my first baby put his little lips over my heart. I don't expect it, and I don't ax it. I'd wish for me and my man both to be on the edge of age there—old like without aches and ills—old without sleepless nights and sad thoughts about them in their graves—just old and peaceful and together in some corner of Heaven. And no trouble to nobody; and the childer to look in from time to time with the news of their childer. I pray it can be done; but time will show."

"'Twould puzzle the Lord to think of anything more beautiful than that. 'Tis the best He could do, I'm sure," declared Ruth with her young eyes glistening. Avisa noticed the emotion, but herself showed none.

"The best that God can do! There's a thought," she said. "And 'tis all summed up in the word 'Heaven.'"

Later that evening Northmore had his desire and left Vixen Tor beside the woman he loved. Mrs. Pomeroy saw him depart and watched the pair thoughtfully upon their road. Then came the happiest moment of her day.

Ives appeared.

"Be I to go to evening prayer along with you, mother?" he asked.

"I'll get my bonnet," she said. "'Tis time we was starting, boy."

Her son's mood had changed. The Vixen often calmed him, and it had done so to-day.

"Did you see the fashion that fool—Northmore I mean—looked at Ruth Rendle when she was drinking her tea?" he asked.

"Yes, Ives."

"I know the signs—worse luck. I could almost feel sorry for the man if he wasn't so stiff and hard. He'll never court a girl right—ban't built to do it. Another thing: she don't care a brass button for the chap. I know enough of 'em to see that very clear."

"A very good, high-principled man."

"Of course—everybody is—but me and Moleskin. He may be all you say; but he's dry as a dead bone. For that matter, I don't see much in Ruth Rendle myself."

"I do. You're so fond of the girls, that I wonder you don't take to her."

"Not me—a regular old maid, I believe."

"Don't you think it! They'm only like old maids where they'm not interested. I could be frosty myself at her age—frost in the morning and fire in the afternoon."

He laughed.

"As to Ruth, she's the best wife hid in a maiden as I've met this many a year, Ives. She's patient, she's brave, she's got a heart. That's to say a lot for a young creature."

"Don't seem young to me," he declared. "Always appears awful old and awful slow to see a joke."

"Mend your jokes then," said Mrs. Pomeroy. "The fault's more like to be in them than in her. And mind you sing out the hymns to-night. I love to hear 'e."

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CHAPTER IX

A WEDDING

Walla rises in midmost Moor near Tavy Head by Cut Hill. It is a region very remote, and she has travelled many miles before any sign of civilisation can be seen upon her banks; then, in scattered colonies, the ruined homes of neolithic men appear beside her, and lower still, under the eastward sweep of Great Staple Tor, stands a human dwelling of to-day.

Stone Park, the farm of Matthew Northmore, was surrounded by grassland reclaimed from the waste; but at this season the cattle were far afield until winter; the hay meadows were shorn; there was little work upon the land. Northmore did not cultivate anything but hay. His other necessary winter crops he purchased from his neighbours of the "in country." Leisure therefore often fell to him, and, on a day in autumn, he prepared to leave his somewhat lonely and lifeless farm that he might spend certain hours in the company of his kind.

The man's romance stood still from one point of view, though since fire cannot remain stationary, in a vital particular the first object of his heart lived by what it fed on and kept him burning. Thrice he had reached the moment of declaration to find himself tongue-tied; he had written many letters, only to feel that they did not state his case to the best possible advantage. This paralysis of will was based upon external knowledge rather than upon inherent character. Northmore in most affairs of life found himself unwavering. He belonged to the section of mankind that knows its own mind. But for one fact he had not thus delayed or proved so fearful before the necessary ordeal. It was Ruth Rendle's attitude toward him that arrested action. A man, always somewhat unduly sensitive, here found himself compact of sensibility, and his intuition told him clearly that he had not yet won her. She was always gracious, always attentive and always kind; but with a grace, attention and friendship that she denied to none. Between them there existed none of that delicious, secret understanding over trifles, none of those little private jests or special interchanges of thought that his instinct told him should ere now have arisen.

He was entirely outside her life. He felt that had she reciprocated in any degree his fervour, that had she found in him a kindred spirit, their relations must unconsciously have ripened, until a final declaration of love came as the sweet, sure fruit of the flower of friendship. But no such thing happened. She was to him as she had been when first she stood behind the bar of the Jolly Huntsmen; and this knowledge produced infirmity of purpose in him and kept him dumb against his stern, native inclination to speak and be answered. He told himself that he was a coward; he strove to find out the reason, if any existed, why she did not grow a little more tender and confiding; and first he blamed himself; and then, as a thing easier to do, but not the less distracting, he blamed another. With observation immensely sharpened by his condition, he watched Ruth's attitude to the rest of the world. On her stage behind the counter he marked her play her part, and noted small circumstances, trivial turns of neck, intonations of voice, glances of eye. First he was relieved to discover nothing. Then he was thrown into the extremity of anger and of grief; because he pierced her secret, as a skilled physician pierces the secret of the patient or a swift-eyed boy marks the nest and renders the bird's inherited system of concealment pathetic before the superior intelligence. None but Matthew Northmore guessed that this woman hid a secret love for a man; and he, by the special light of his own heart, discovered this fact. At first he believed it; and then he fought with himself to disbelieve; at first he saw a thousand signs following upon the earliest; then he declared himself self-deluded, insane. For a little he even fooled himself to think that his own fear was father to the discovery.

Now, on the day when Samuel Bolt proposed to marry Jill Wickett, the farmer at last reached a condition of exasperation and concern that demanded settlement. His whole existence craved to hear the truth. He felt that he must starve if the definite word was longer

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withheld. Any letter, from the present agitated standpoint, looked too mean and spiritless a machinery for his great purpose; therefore, as he dressed to go to the wedding he decided that before the week was ended he would ask Ruth to marry him.

Five and forty people attended the marriage ceremony at Sampford Spiney, and seventeen subsequently appeared at Merivale, where the Toops had arranged a wedding breakfast which was long remembered by those fortunate enough to attend it.

Much to the anger of Ives Pomeroy, his mother accepted her invitation, and Avisa's place at the banquet was on the right hand of Rachel Bolt. In addition to the married couple there also appeared Ruth Rendle, Matthew Northmore, one James Bonus, who acted as best man, Emanuel Codd and other friends and relations, including the parents and the young brothers and sisters of the bride.

Peter and Joel Toop waited upon their guests. They performed this duty at all occasions of an entertainment in the Jolly Huntsman; but to-day they marked their equality with those they served by an easy manner throughout the meal and a free interchange of raillery and conversation with the assembled company.

The great feature of the banquet had been reached: a course of six ducks. Hard breathing resounded at the table, together with universal clink and clatter; but Mrs. Pomeroy and old Mrs. Bolt did not want duck: they talked instead while the company ate.

"How his manly voice uttered the words!" said Rachel. "My boy's, I mean. Parson's speech was a mere twittering compared to his. The ring once belonged to Sam's gossip—old Sally Slatter. 'Twas left to him under her will when she died, with a hope that he'd wed his wife with it. And so he did; but he put on the new one as he'd bought hisself so soon as all was over. Didn't her look fine coming down the aisle after the signing? But I'm sorry to say Sam let fall a terrible gert blot in the church book just following his name. 'Twas that silly man, Bonus, jogged his elbow."

"The service went very suent," declared Avisa. "As orderly and pleasant a wedding as ever I was at."

"I wish your young people had been there—not Ives—couldn't expect that—wouldn't have been in human nature. But Lizzie might have come."

"Her young man didn't care for it."

"Oh! Why for not, Avisa?"

"Better ax him if you're interested."

"Not I. I've no thought for any but my own two. Thank God I can say that honestly. She'll be a real daughter to me. They'm off to Exeter for the honeymoon. Samuel isn't the man to spoil such a thing for a pound or two. And I be going to get the house all ship-shape against they come home."

"Don't do too much. 'Twill only be a challenge to her to undo it again. These young creatures have their own opinions, and they'm almost always different to ours."

Peter Toop paid special attention to the bride. He revolved round her as though she were an idol and he a worshipper. Port and sherry from the cellar of the Jolly Huntsmen flowed freely with the duck, and the low, long room exhaled their mingled odours. Then came puddings and sweetmeat, whose appearance won a chorus of praise.

"Be blessed if I ever seed such a masterpiece!" declared Mr. Bonus. "That wasn't made in Merivale, I'll swear."

"You'll swear wrong, then," answered Joel Toop, who brought in a great dish and set it down tenderly. "'Twas Ruth here invented the idea, and she and cook carried it out as you see. And anybody refusing to eat 'em will make a hole in their manners!"

He referred to twenty twin hearts made of pastry and filled with whortleberries and cream.

"Have half a glass more, Mrs. Pomeroy," urged Peter with the port.

"I'll have a whole glass," she said. "'Tis very pretty drinking and old as the hills, I'll wager."

"A beautiful, rich and feeding wine," admitted Mr. Toop. "Plenty more where that came from. Port isn't in the front rank as it used to be; but there's nothing like it for lifting up the heart. I'll grant you champagne does the same and maybe

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quicker, and we've got a good bottle of that, too, for them that want it; but champagne lets you down again almost so quick as the gas is out of your body; whereas with a beverage like this the force of it bides corked up in the innards for days, so to say. 'Tis a clinging wine, and the deeper you go in the bottle, the more there is *to* it, if you understand me."

There were no speeches, though several urged the bridegroom to say a few words. His remarks, however, amounted to no more than a hope that the company would not make him and his wife miss their train.

"To hear him talk about his 'wife' so beautiful and proud!" whispered Mrs. Bolt to Mr. Wickett, the bride's father.

"Hope he always will," answered the man.

Matthew Northmore sat next to Ruth, and in that was blessed; but little came of it. He pressed her to eat of everything and ate well himself.

Jill rated him for not drinking her health in anything stronger than ginger-beer. She was very talkative through the meal and very much at her ease. This fact Codd noted and commented upon rather sourly to Jill's second sister.

" 'Tis more like a widow being married than a maiden, in my opinion," he said. "Whatever vartues she've got, shyness ban't one of 'em."

As the young pair departed, Jill's last words were to her mother-in-law. She shook the rice out of her clothes, kissed Mrs. Bolt warmly, and spoke:

"Don't you unpack my box and parcels, mind. I'd sooner do it myself when I come home this day week. They'm all right. And don't you be too busy for us, there's a dear. 'Tis for me to come over and look after you now."

"No, no, Jill. You've got to think of him—not me. He must take all your time—all of it. I'm hopeful that the first thing as you do will be four new flannel shirts for him. Trust your clever fingers! You've got to cure his winter cough, Jill!"

"Time's up!" said Samuel. "God bless you, mother. You won't be out of our thoughts much, I promise you."

He stooped and kissed her.

"I wish you was coming too!" he whispered, so that none else could hear him.

Then Jill and Samuel drove off, while Peter Toop flung a shoe after them. But he missed the carriage and nearly hit a handsome white goose that stood and cackled with a row of butter-coloured goslings on the edge of the common.

Anon, after Mrs. Bolt's tears had been dried, the men adjourned to the skittle alley and the brothers Toop sat down to their own well-earned repast. Ruth served them and Avisa took pleasure in helping her. She was now free, because Rachel Bolt began to turn all her attention to the mother of Jill.

Peter rolled his eyes a good deal over the meal, drank deep and found himself in a highly sentimental state of mind.

"This business brings it home with terrible force," he confessed to Mrs. Pomeroy. "I mean the loneliness of the single state. 'Tis time, and more than time, the plunge was taken. The need for a wife gains cruel on me."

"You'm so busy: you'll never give yourself a minute to look round," said she.

"But what if I have?" he answered; and presently, alone with the mother, he permitted himself to hint at his hopes.

"What do you think of Ruth?" he asked, as he took snuff without due care and let the powder fall freely about his person and impregnate the air.

Mrs. Pomeroy sneezed and her eyes watered.

"You know what I think of her. She's the best maiden I've seen for many a long day—the right sort—a treasure."

"Exactly; and that's what I say. Could I do better, Mrs. Pomeroy? Be frank."

"Far too elderly you are, my dear—far too elderly."

"Only at first sight," argued Peter. "I'm a much younger man than anybody knows but myself, and I feel years younger than the almanac makes me. But Ruth, on the other hand, is old for her age. In fact, there's a mistake. She believes that she is twenty-one. I say, without unkindness, that she can't be a day less than twenty-five or six. But what does that matter? Be it as it will, I've a feeling that she's the wife for me,

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and I hope if you can say a word in my favour you'll take the opportunity."

Avisa nodded.

"None can say anything not in your favour. But your usual sense is out here. Look round for somebody as old again as Ruth. You'll do wiser to."

Peter showed impatience in his reply.

"A woman never can understand how young a man feels. 'Tis only my beard that makes you say this. If 'twas away—and my hair back—why, I should look no more than a ripe man. And that's all I am. I don't want some old maid as have been in the market twenty years, I promise you! With my business and saved money I've every right to seek something nicer. If you was speaking to Joel 'twould be different. He's what you might call 'elderly,' though once on his pony even he's spry enough still."

"What does he say?"

"On this subject he says naught, because I don't give him the chance to. 'Tis too delicate. Sometimes I almost think he's got matrimony in his own mind, and I speak against it, in a general way—to warn him off. At his age the risks are too great. However, I'm very different, and, in a word, I shall ask her without 'by your leave' to anybody."

"'Tis a free country."

"And if she says 'no,' I won't deny to you that 'twill make a difference in my feeling for her. In such a matter it must be allowed I know better than she can. 'Twould be very lacking in dignity for a man of my position to get 'no' for an answer. A most improper thing."

"Don't you run the risk, Peter. She's very well as she is, and so be you."

"There's such a thing as love," said Mr. Toop, with the air of a discoverer. "You can't deny it to anybody; and because I haven't felt it till now, that's no reason why I shouldn't feel it at all. In fact, the feeling gets matured with age—like liquor. My bosom swells at the thought of taking her. It will be no common trial, I assure you, if she's wrong-headed about it."

The matter dropped and Peter asked kindly after Mrs. Pomeroy's health.

"'Tis all right, I believe. Say nothing about it," she answered.

Elsewhere Joel himself and Mr. Bonus watched the skittle-players and discussed the event of the day. The latter played a German concertina that he might impart an air of festivity to the afternoon, and between the tunes he uttered his opinions.

"Makes a man soft-like to the females," declared the musician. "To watch Mr. Peter hovering round the bride—why, 'twas like an old cock sparrow after a butterfly."

"I am sorry he made himself so foolish," confessed Joel. "Peter don't know how sad it is to see a grey beard along with the maidens. 'Tis the weakness of age creeping upon him. There's only one course open that I can see, and that I shall take."

"What might that be?"

"Marry myself," said Joel firmly. "As the younger and livelier man, it is my duty. What is seemly in me is very painful in Peter. I must marry, Bonus; indeed, I'm a marrying man and ripe for it any time these last few years. We're well-to-do, and an heir must be raised up. Once I'm the father of a brave boy or two and there'll be no more nonsense from Peter. It shall be done, mark me. The next wedding feast you sit down to at the Jolly Huntsmen may be mine."

"I'd much sooner think 'twas going to be mine," declared Mr. Bonus. "For that matter, I know a very proper party."

After tea the company broke up, and Avisa Pomeroy walked home with Emanuel Codd.

"Why for wouldn't Lizzie and schoolmaster come to the wedding?" he asked. "I heard a good few ax why not. Of course with Ives 'twas understood."

Mrs. Pomeroy smiled.

"To be plain with you, Arthur Brown thought it a little under him to go. I laughed at the young man. But there it is. A very serious habit of mind he's got. Do you know what'll happen when he marries our Lizzie?"

Mr. Codd sniffed.

"He'll be too high and mighty to come to his own wedding, belike?"

"No; but he'll not be sorry to get advancement and set up his staff and sign a bit further from his wife's people. 'Tis very natural in him, no doubt."

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"I know the sort," said Codd spitefully. "Very grand and superior till a wagon-load of childer came; then they've no objection to let grandparents ease the work and take the young ones off their hands free gratis. There's nothing so damned selfish on this earth as the joyful parents of a quiverful. Maybe you'll find that out yet."

"Don't even a wedding make you feel kinder to folk?" she asked.

"Not Merivale folk," he answered. "There's more knaves and fools to the square mile in these parts than ever I heard of anywhere outside the Bible. Take they Toops—each pretending he's younger than t'other, and each fancying his brother have got a foot in the grave. Whenever was seen such a pair of born naturals? For my part, I believe they be twins and a lot nearer a hundred years old than fifty. Nasty old men, both of 'em. I wouldn't trust either of 'em."

"Who would you trust—come, now?"

"I'd trust you," he answered. "Same as I trusted your husband afore you; same as I trust God A'mighty to lift the sun at dayspring. But for the rest, except my own self and a sheep-dog or two, I'd trust naught living."

CHAPTER X

THE LONE STONES

Among memorials of neolithic man still scattered on these western wastes, where once he lived and laboured, there shall be found circles of unhewed stones flung here and there in sequestered regions and above the union of rivers. Many similar relics have vanished, and in ignorance the moor-folk of yesterday tore up a thousand evidences of the Bronze Age to build their "new-take" walls or mend their roads; but a few significant fragments have escaped, and these old-time granite cartularies still stand in sequestered regions; still strike the sudden wanderer with interest or awe, in measure of his own mental equipment; still tell of the morning of human society, when men had begun to gather themselves together, appoint rulers, establish laws, and fear the dead. Already, in their shadows that never left them, in their reflections upon still waters, in their dreams and in their hours of sickness and delirium, they had reached a theory of their own double natures; and thence arose religion's dawn: belief in the ancestral spirit. As yet the dead stood to them in place of deity. Not until a period far later did man make God in his own image and lift his prayer to conscious forces hidden behind the hurricane and thunder cloud, the sunrise and the sea.

Langstone Moor stretches to the northwest of Great Mis Tor, and lies thick with traces of these vanished people. Beside Walla shall be found many of their ruined homes; elsewhere stands that menhir, or long stone, which names this waste and betokens the spot where a stone hero is sleeping; while between the tomb and the village shall be seen a circque of sixteen stones, that lies upon the hill to dominate heath, morass and ambient hills with its own mysterious significance.

The boulders form a ring; they rise suddenly, like magic creatures, upon the vision of the wanderer; they come as some sleight and unreal trick of the desert and lift themselves out of nothing. At one moment the enduring and featureless fabric of the Moor surrounds a chance spectator; in the next he stands startled before the silent company of the Lone Stones. Lifted here by the labour of a departed race, their mystery is hidden, their secret is shrouded perhaps for ever; yet those best skilled in prehistoric story judge that they stand for ceremonial and suspect that within these circles the dead were brought to final rites of fire before they sank into their urns and were deposited far from the homes of the living. Poignant terror of the departed belonged as a large factor to primeval superstitions, and the monolith and menhir, the cairn and its kist, lie on mountain tops or hollowed hills remote from the haunts of the quick. Their ossuaries were haunted, and primal man feared his ghosts, even as present men may love them.

Viewed on a day of late August against the purple background of Great Mis Tor, the Lone Stones glimmered under sunshine and lacked much of that mystic and foreboding air that oftentimes hung over them at times of fleeting mist, in dawn

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and evening twilights, or during the darkness of night and storm. Scarcely a cloud dimmed the September blue; the air danced along the immense planes of the Moor; cattle roamed far off, yet their frequent presence within the circle was manifest, for upon more than one of the old stones might be seen flecks of red, black and dun hair from the wandering herds that here sometimes gathered to ruminate and rub their hides against the granite. The circle continued its vigil of ages, subject only to Time's tireless hand. It had witnessed events that living man may never learn. It had, perchance, seen the gathering of the clans and been a rialto as well as a temple. Some of the fragments were sharp; some were solid; some looked like hooded wights, that bent here under weight of years or ardour of prayer; some reared indifferent; some threatened to fall; and to-day, not for the first time, they compassed within their brooding circuit a miserable man. The haunting boulders unconsciously added to his gloom by their inexorable and oblivious demeanour, yet he made no effort to depart from them. He lay along beneath the largest, and not the murmur of Walla far below, not the cry of distant kine, not the breath of the wind upon the heath, could change his mood, lift his heart, or challenge his misery. He envied his brothers of dust assembled round him. He felt that the stones were superior to him, by reason of their impassivity and freedom from grief. Henceforth he must be himself a stone—but a living one.

Here lay Matthew Northmore, and, a mile distant, with a white face and beating heart, a woman hastened from him and mourned that she had stricken him with such unutterable sorrow. That he had spoiled her own little holiday was a sort of consolation for Ruth. She felt it right to suffer, because she had made another suffer.

That morning she had played truant and told her kinsmen they must attend to the inn themselves. She had taken a pasty and a basket, then set out for the Moor to live through one day alone with her thoughts. She went, indeed to gather whortleberries; but the fruit was an excuse for a holiday. On her way the girl passed behind Stone Park, and Northmore saw her. He let her go a mile into the loneliness, then braced himself to his delayed task, followed and offered himself and all that he had.

She had refused tenderly, almost regretfully. But there was no hesitation in her answer, no ground for hope that time would change her conviction. He believed that he knew why, and felt almost tempted to reveal his knowledge; but he was a man, and his misery could not at this stage of life sink him below his manhood. Ruth cared for Ives Pomeroy and Matthew had discovered it. As yet none knew it besides himself. It may be doubted if the girl herself quite realised the truth. But Northmore had done so, and to-day, while her eternal "no" tolled in his heart, every thought and instinct bore upon that fatal discovery.

For the time he was merely miserable above the common lot and knew not what must come of it. He possessed some force of character; but full share of elementary leaven blended therewith. There came to him during the hours of that sun-filled day strange thoughts bred of this tribulation. To a seeing eye, from the dust of the bygone people again arose their stubborn spirits to join hands with Northmore through the centuries and inform this living being with their primitive determination and ferocity. Here, perhaps, where now he sprawled his forlorn carcase, great fires had swallowed the limbs of great men. Here, under the earth that his body covered, there might still repose the ashes of the mighty ones. And did their deathless parts—the ghosts of their greatness—still haunt the glimpses of the noonday and move like a presence through the heat haze of summer and the hailstorm of spring?

To the man now came the lust of wrath and the hate of loss. He played the casuist and argued upon the event. A subtlety not native woke from the prick of his sorrow and inspired him. He told himself that this was not the end; that she must be disabused; that only lasting failure, disappointment and unhappiness could ever come to her from love of Ives Pomeroy; that the quicker such an idol was flung in dust at her feet, the better for her content and peace of mind. He

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argued that any course of action embracing this revelation for Ruth was doubly and trebly justified. First her future might be saved thereby; secondly (and this was vital to his own conscience) exposure could not hurt the other man, because Ives did not love Ruth. He dinned this repeatedly into himself to still an inevitable uneasiness. That the woman should be made to see the truth of Ives Pomeroy was only kindness to her; but it was no unkindness or injustice to Pomeroy, since he and his affections and interests were not concerned with her. The phrase "the truth of Ives Pomeroy" presently recurred to Matthew's mind somewhat sternly. He was even just enough to ask himself whether he knew the truth of Ives Pomeroy. But he was not just enough under his present storm of soul to answer justly. He told himself that he did know all any man needed to know; that Pomeroy was very obviously not destined to make a woman happy; that even his own mother confessed as much. What a sensible woman like Avisa could admit concerning her son was enough. Northmore saw his road clearly in so far as the immediate course of it extended. As for its goal, he could but hope that her secret regard for Ives once destroyed and its ruin removed from Ruth's mind, he might yet fill the empty place.

Some sort of desolate peace crowned this conclusion. He rose, when the Lone Stones cast long shadows easterly over the ruddy heath, and sunset flames burnt red as the pyres of old amongst them. He went his way with primal passions masked by modern intelligence. Essential, immemorial, emotions battled with the ages of mental evolution and even conquered them. For a brief moment of time they dragged Northmore's whole being back to harmony with the spirits that had heaved up these stones; to kinship with those bygone ones, who came to dwell amid the Moor's stern verities and with them brought their own palæolithic heritage of still earlier instincts.

He departed at last, vanished in fading light and left the Lone Stones to their solemn and eternal conference.

Matthew found no escape from his mind for many days; yet with time his nature returned nearer to itself and he banished certain thoughts of action against his rival. There came an opportunity to do the other evil; but Northmore easily resisted the temptation to take it.

As for Ruth, her immediate concern was banished swiftly, and erratic chance, not content with throwing one man at her feet, thrust upon her the proposal of a second before that day was done.

It happened that Mr. Peter Toop left home after tea upon the mournful business of his trade. A farmer had died suddenly at Okehampton, and his wife, being a Merivale woman and proposing to return there, sent for Mr. Toop in her sorrow, that she might make him her friend and arrange with him other matters besides the immediate interment.

Peter went off for the night and proposed to stop at Okehampton until the following afternoon. Joel, therefore, though not actually of opinion that the moment was ripe, felt such an opportunity too good to lose. When the bar closed, he stopped Ruth as she was going to her room and invited her to join him while he smoked a pipe.

"I know you've been out on the Moor and are tired," he said. "But there's nothing like a bit of news for making us forget weary limbs. Bring in a glass of lemonade for yourself and a drop of whisky for me. I've got something very interesting to tell you, Ruth."

She had not yet thought of sleep, for her mind ran much upon the Lone Stones and a sorrowful man left standing amongst them. She remembered how, looking back from some distance, she had marked that he stood no more, but had sunk down upon the ground, as if such tribulation was too terrible to be borne upright.

Joel smoked his pipe and drew out a comfortable chair for Ruth. He began by remarking casually that he had not felt so well, or so young, for many years. Then, from force of habit, he expressed a wish that Peter enjoyed like vigour and a regret that he did not. Ruth drank her lemonade, folded her hands in her lap and waited for him to tell her the inter-

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esting news. Presently she raised a small palm and yawned behind it.

At this signal of impatience, Joel took up his parable. He had planned the campaign and his line of attack lay very clearly before him. He felt exceedingly interested in pending operations, but not at all nervous or doubtful of the issue. Mr. Toop's heart was neither sanguine nor fearful, but merely assured. He argued his chances on practical business principles, and found that there could be only one answer from a woman so sensible and so utterly dependent as Ruth. She was penniless; and he opened the discussion by reminding her delicately of that fact.

"'Twas a thousand pities your father never insured his life—a man so careful and wise in most respects," he said.

"Yes it was," she admitted.

"However, no good crying over spilt milk. You can't help being without means, and after all, in my opinion, you've got what's far better than a small income, and that's a big bump of common sense. I don't say it in flattery, Ruth; 'tis no more than your due. You'll allow that I'm a judge of what common sense means."

"I'm sure you are."

"For a man who may justly be called young yet, I think I've got my share. Peter's seen it in me, and allowed it these many years. He's different. Though so much older, there's a wilful way with him—almost a skittish attitude to the serious affairs of life. It's the result of his business, I think. He wants relief from the coffins, and goes to the other extreme and puts on a boyish way that's rather unfortunate in an elderly man—to say it kindly. But I've always felt glad that he didn't marry. I don't think he was cut out for it, Ruth."

"He talks of it as a thing he'll do for certain presently."

"I know. That's his light nature. There was a widow lived homeby us ten year ago, and he was always rolling his eyes at her. There's no dignity to Peter—good as gold though he is, and my brother. I dare say that you've marked the difference in our characters, so quick as you are?"

"I like you both, and I'm very grateful to you both."

"So you should be; though I won't tell you which of us it was thought of bringing you here against the arguments in favour of a professional barmaid. However, you can guess, I dare say. Charity has always been second nature to me, Ruth. Some come to it with an effort; some never do; and to some it's just their ordinary bent of mind—as in my case. And this I will say; when you came to the Jolly Huntsmen, me and Peter entertained an angel unawares. You'll allow that's pretty handsome praise, I think."

"You're too good to me—both of you."

"Not too good at all. I'm full of ideas about you, and, all in good time, you'll know them. But one of these ideas is such a whacker, so to say, that it quite swallows up all the rest, like Aaron's rod swallowed up the magician's, you know. Anyway, it's this tremendous thought that's come to me, and to-night I'm going to put it before you; and I warn you 'twill banish sleep."

"Wouldn't it be better to wait for Mr. Peter?"

"No," said Joel shortly. "It would not. Don't keep dragging him in. This has got nothing whatever to do with Peter—not directly, that is. Indirectly it may mean a lot to him. But my object in speaking to-day is to put it all clear and have it settled before brother comes back. So don't mention his name again, please."

"I won't then."

"Thank you. Now the question is my position in the world. Ruth, you must know that I'm very well to do. I've a half share in this business, and the poultry and pig-farm is all mine. Between ourselves, I get a bit more out of my eggs and bacon than Peter does by his coffins. As to my age, in confidence I may tell you that I am many years younger than people suppose. The exact figure has escaped me, but if you said forty-five, you would probably be much nearer the mark than you might have the least idea. Now the time has come when in the fulness of my manhood I am looking round for a helpmate. To put it in a nutshell: I have looked and I have found!"

"Really? I'm so glad, Cousin Joel!"

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"You'll be gladder still when you know who 'tis. But I don't want to startle you. 'Tis no use trying to make you guess, so I'll tell you. But first, better take a sip out of my glass to hearten yourself against the surprise."

"No need. How quiet you've kept your courting! I can't for the life of me think who 'tis."

"As to courting," said Mr. Toop. "I've my own ideas on that subject, and I can't say I've ever felt any respect for they philandering sort of fellows who stream about after young women and are never further off from 'em than the rim of their petticoats. 'Tis a feeble-minded and an improper occupation for any young man to be hanging about the females on the chance of getting a sensible she to like him. At least that's my opinion. No; I set to work very different. I let the women see the man I am and my manlike view of life. I'm too busy getting up my name in the world to be wasting their time and mine with love-making—so called. First let a maiden understand what you are; then, if you feel she'd make you a proper wife, go boldly and offer to take her. Don't go empty-handed. Tell her how you stand—in figures, if need be; and also tell her that what's yours is hers—so long as she does her part of the bargain. It's a great deal to say, but she must justify it. That's my idea of love. Courting is a silly matter that can fill up the spare time afterwards; but I hope I'm not light-minded enough to waste my hours that way, and I hope the woman I'm going to offer myself to thinks the same."

He stopped for breath.

"Do you guess who 'tis?" he asked.

"For the life of me I can't," she answered. "Not a Merivale woman surely?"

"Yes and no."

"I can't guess. Tell me quick."

"Like your modesty not to guess. But of course you never would have. If you'd guessed right I should have been almost too shocked to go on with it. In a word, then——"

He stopped, bent forward and patted her shoulder at each syllable of his next sentence.

"I be going to marry a young woman by the name of Ruth Rendle—if she'll let me!"

Only for the briefest moment was the girl even regretful. Northmore's humble pleading returned to her thought. It reduced the present proposal to farce. Indeed, after the briefest silence she actually laughed, and Joel was a good deal annoyed.

"Where's your manners?" he said sharply. "Did you hear me? If 'tis hysterics, of course that's different."

The possibility soothed him, but Ruth explained that it was not hysterics.

"Dear Cousin Joel, how good and kind and large-minded to think of such a thing; but really—no, I couldn't do that. I don't feel 'twould be seemly somehow—even though you're younger than you look, as you say. In fact, I couldn't love you, cousin—not as you ought to be loved."

He stared at her and scratched his whiskers. His mouth remained slightly open and revealed teeth that did him no credit. His expression was one of genuine astonishment, and only gradually it changed to annoyance.

"You'd better think twice," he said. "I believe in these cases the maidenly instinct is often to refuse without really meaning it. But, mark me, there's a good few women mooning about to-day that be sorry to the soul because they said 'no' when they ought to have said 'yes.' There's a sort of men who take 'no' to mean 'no' and ban't be built to hear that unpleasant word twice. I'm that sort of man. I've got my self-respect, I warn you, Ruth. I—but—there—think again. We'll take your answer as unsaid."

"Indeed but I meant it! I'm very proud that you could have even thought of me; but it couldn't be. I didn't answer in a hurry or without proper reflection, and I wouldn't hurt your self-respect for anything; but I couldn't marry you—under any possible circumstances."

He drank his whisky as though washing down a pill.

"So be it," he said. "I won't ask your reasons, because a woman's reasons—Only one thing I've a right to say; and 'tis your duty to obey me."

"Gladly I'll obey you in all I can."

"You must promise on your solemn

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oath not to marry Peter. I've a right to order that."

"I will promise most faithfully not to marry him—even if he asks."

"You couldn't marry him if he didn't," snapped Mr. Toop. "Anyway, I believe that he will ask. I've seen foolish signs of late that he hadn't wit to hide. However, I've got your word. Now you'd better go to bed."

He was still much annoyed, and when she rose and extended her hand to him, he refused to take it.

"No," he said. "I don't find myself at all inclined to friendship. In fact, not to put too fine a point upon it, I'm a good bit niffed with you, Ruth Rendle. I thought your strong point was sense, and to-day you've done about the silliest thing that even a woman ever did do in my knowledge. I'm not pleased, I'm not at all pleased—in fact, quite the contrary."

She sighed and left him then. But Joel's prophecies concerning her night's rest were unfulfilled, for she slept exceedingly well and only woke out of untroubled, dreamless slumber at the clarion of Mr. Toop's poultry.

CHAPTER XI

CONCERNING PHEASANTS

Moleskin's house, which stood midway between Princetown and Merivale, was set into the side of a hill a quarter of a mile from the road, and more resembled the habitation of a cave-dweller than the home of a civilised being. It looked like some gigantic and suspicious live creature with its head thrust through a hole, yet ready to dive back into the earth at a moment's warning. Two small windows glimmered under a straw roof, and upon the thatch heavy stones were laid to keep the winter storms from blowing all away. The door of Mr. Cawker's abode was of a bright scarlet colour, thanks to a pot of paint the owner had somehow or somewhere acquired. It flamed across the Moor and presented a very conspicuous spectacle. Moleskin declared that no dishonest man would have adorned his portals with such a brilliant tint, and referred to his door as a guarantee of character. The hovel was a disgrace, and each year a rumour ran that the Duchy proposed to expel Mr. Cawker's family and pull down his dwelling; but the thing did not happen and the tenant made no objection, for none knew better than himself the peculiar secret charms of this abode.

Hither came Ives Pomeroy on a day in late September. His friend had been stricken down with a cold upon the chest, and for the moment Moleskin repined at home and occupied enforced leisure with planning of further enterprises.

Ives had gratified his mother by some active expressions of sorrow at the poacher's physical misfortunes, and when he went further and proposed to visit Moleskin and take him some refreshments, Avisa prepared them.

"I could wish 'twas any other body," she said. "But I trust you not to be led away by the old man. Remember the advantages you have had over the likes of him. You ought to try and do him good, not let him do you harm."

"We understand one another very well," he answered. "We'm both against things in general, and very natural that we should be, seeing what a damned world it is. But you needn't suppose he's got any power over me. I can do pretty well what I like with the man. He's a very sensible chap, and a good sort. I wish there was more of the same."

Moleskin expressed delight at seeing the youth, and praised him in no stinted terms for his generosity.

"A regular socialist you be," he said. "And a good working Christian in the bargain. Not a soul from Merivale have been to see me. They old Toops haven't took a bit of notice of my illness—selfish old swine. But I'll pay 'em yet. A beautiful jelly! That masterpiece of a woman, your mother, made it without a doubt. And a bit of neck of mutton, I see! Bless her for it. I won't forget, mind you. Nobody does me a good turn without having a good turn done to them sooner or later."

"I hope your dear mother finds herself doing clever," said Mary, and Ives answered that she was pretty well.

The home of Moleskin was sufficiently dismal. He sat in an old armchair by the peat fire, with a screen behind him. He coughed continually and his windpipe

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rattled. His wife, whose weak spine caused her to be a confirmed invalid, lay upon a little couch on the other side of the fire and Mary Cawker sat in the window mending the poacher's socks. A setter dog reposed beside Moleskin, and from the passageway outside came the clucking of fowls that pecked about the threshold and houseplace. They occasionally ascended to the bedrooms also.

"Give Mr. Cawker his physic, Mary," ordered the wife. "Doctor said he was to have it every two hours."

She usually called her husband "Mr. Cawker," though sometimes she hurled a strong word at him instead. Her contempt was never hidden. Her life had been one long physical and mental tribulation; but she regarded the workhouse infirmary as a sort of haven or beacon of hope promised hereafter. Just now the storm and stress of life abated, since the poacher was an invalid; but she knew very well when he recovered that he would make up for lost time. She also fathomed his purpose respecting Ives Pomeroy, and now regarded the youth with mournful eyes; but Moleskin was quite alive to the situation. He had things to say to his friend that it was not desirable his wife or daughter should hear; therefore he rose and bade the visitor follow him.

"Come in my room," he suggested. "I'm just so comfortable sitting up in my bed as I be here. Then us can talk."

"Mother thought the mutton would make some very fine broth for your father," said Ives to Mary; then he followed Moleskin.

The invalid slept on the ground floor in a little chamber behind the kitchen. It had two doors and was rich in secret receptacles. Mr. Cawker now got into bed in his clothes, drew certain grimy blankets up to his neck, and put his hat on also —for warmth, as he said. He coughed and gurgled a good deal, but declared himself to be better.

With considerable cunning he played upon the moods and miseries of the younger man before reaching his own business; then, when Pomeroy was tuned to consider lawlessness, Moleskin broached an undertaking.

"I've thought a lot about you lately, and that shameless girl who throwed you over for Samuel Bolt. Of course 'twas his expectations, and she'll live to mourn the day, for money don't take the place of a man like you. However, there's as many good maidens in the world as there are good wives, and always will be."

"He put his hopes of money before her," said the other. "I don't blame her altogether, for when he talked about thousands of pounds——"

"Certainly I don't blame her either," declared Moleskin. "Like your large-hearted nature to see the truth of it all. We have to blame the world in general, not her. She may come round yet to your way of thinking. Very likely she have already done so and smarts waking and sleeping to think of what she have lost. But 'tis society, not a silly woman, that you've got to quarrel with. For my part, I'm an enemy of it and always have been. Take that Serpell. One of his work-folk knocked his wife on the head and then cut his own throat a bit back-along. There it is in a nutshell! That's the man who be the type of capital—a hard, evil-minded, Godless rogue who grinds the face of the poor. And I'm going to be revenged upon that man! So soon as ever I can get about again, I take it out of him—at any cost. As a socialist 'tis my duty to do it, and I'm going to do it—to avenge that poor murderer and suicide."

Ives nodded.

"I don't care how hard he's hit—or any of 'em. I'm ripe for anything now," he said.

"A regular Napoleon you are," declared Mr. Cawker. "You'd very soon help to put the world right, if you could get the rising generation to look at things like you do. Well, to come to facts, I had a squint at the Oaktown birds just afore I was took ill, and a grander lot I never seed—or want to—never. Last year there was hardly any shooting to name; and I happen to know that George Job—you know. He'm good for six brace any day in October; and I can get six brace took in another quarter as well. I shall be up and about by then. I don't know if you feel the same as me; but I'm that full of the Christian love of mankind in general, and of beast and bird too, for

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that matter, that I don't care how hard I smite these here Tories, with their cant and selfishness. However, if you don't like to lend a hand say so. Perhaps you ban't such a right down radical as me yet. But I'm sure you'll come to it, for you've got more brain-power than an old man like me, and must understand the times better."

"I'd rather shoot Serpell than his wretched pheasants," said Ives. "If we was in America, some brave man would let daylight into the blackguard jolly soon."

"A regular hero in your ideas! I'm proud to know a chap who can talk like that! But there's no getting rid of tyrants, same as there was in the good old times. So we'll hit him where 'twill hurt him most—in his pocket. A pheasant be worth two shilling every time—to me, and that's what I shall get. I'll share the money with you, of course, if——"

"Damn the money! I don't want the money."

"Like you to say that. You've got a regular Gospel contempt of cash. 'Tis a very unusual sign of greatness. I feel the same, for that matter; but, with a bedridden wife and a daughter, I must combine business and my duty to the nation. The labourer is worthy of his hire. However, I'll take the money. From your point of view you can either call it doing justice for the sake of the poor, or having a bit of sport—which you please. I never met a man larger-minded than what you are, whichever way you look at it. We've got to live, and we've got to advance our ideas. Take me. Be my dear wife and daughter to go into the workhouse and that man Serpell batten on the sweat of the poor and drive frantic creatures to kill themselves? Not while I can have a dash at his pheasants!"

"I'll lend a hand with pleasure," declared Ives.

"Then we'll work together! There's a full moon in middle October, and the leaf is coming down early this year. On the twentieth I hear in private that Serpell is to have a big battoo shoot. To go in for battoo shooting at all shows the sort of man he is. But it takes nine tailors to make a man, anyway; so we can't blame him there. However, you and me will take our bit of fun afore the battoo. Now I'll let you into a secret 'bout Oaktown as will much amaze you. Me and the new underkeeper from Cornwall be great friends, and he can't abide the head keeper, Gregory—as well I knowed he wouldn't. No man of spirit could."

Moleskin proceeded to elaborate a very simple evening's work. Ives was to act as decoy; Mr. Cawker, as the more experienced hand, proposed to do the shooting. He knew where the pheasants congregated by night, and perfectly understood the methodical procedure of the keepers. All was very easy and straightforward.

When Mary Cawker brought a bowl of broth to her father an hour later she found him explaining a strange weapon, that looked like a heavy metal walking-stick. She returned to her mother; and while the men planned a deliberate raid on Oaktown, the women mourned for Ives Pomeroy, and Mrs. Cawker bitterly regretted the fact that another hopeful youth was becoming entangled with her disreputable spouse.

"'Twill be that poor young fellow from Mary Tavy over again," she said. "This boy's safe to get catched, and Mr. Cawker will come out clear of it as usual."

"I begged him to keep off father when he gave me the lettuces," said Mary.

"Lord knows what the young generation sees in such a reckless old man," declared Mrs. Cawker. "But whether or no, I've got too high an opinion of the Pomeroys, and especially Mrs. Pomeroy, to let it go on if I can prevent it."

"How can we? What power have we got? Father always catches people just when they'm ripe for mischief. He knows to an hour when they'll do his bidding. He got hold of Saul Bassett when he'd been turned off from the quarry, and now he's catched this chap, just after that woman he was mad about has married somebody else."

The invalid sighed; then she considered a scheme to upset her husband's hopes.

"You can't tell his mother anything. She'd never believe it, I'm sure. But there's one you might speak to next time you are down there. I mean Emanuel Codd. He's old, and he's worked for the Pomeroys all his life. If you was to tell

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him that his master and Mr. Cawker are caballing he might use his wits to prevent it."

"I heard the word 'pheasant,'" said Mary, "and father was showing Mr. Pomeroy his air-gun when I went in."

"Pheasants, of course. 'Tis the pheasant time in a few days. Many an' many a woman finds it hard to forgive A'mighty God for making pheasants, Mary; and I'm one of 'em. When I'm left alone on my back here sometimes, and all's still, and I hear the birds croaking out 'pon the Moor, as they will in May, my heart gets as cold as a lump of ice, and I look on to October, and spring be nought to me."

"Be brave about it," said Mary Cawker. "Can't go on forever. One of two things must happen to father afore many more years pass: he must be catched red-handed or he must give it up."

"He'll never give it up."

"Then he'll go on till he'm too weak in the hams to escape, and they'll take him."

"A blessed hope," said the sufferer. "For if they catch Mr. Cawker I must go in the infirmary and end my days in one of they incurable homes, all easy and comfortable."

"Better still that father should reform. Stranger things have happened. He's often thought of it quite serious himself, for that matter. Anyway, I'll speak to Emanuel Codd and ax him to do what he can. I'm hopeful that doctor won't let father out of the house for a fortnight yet, and by that time pheasants will run a bit cheaper, maybe, and be less worth shooting."

"You don't know Mr. Cawker," answered her mother. "If pheasants be cheaper, so many the more will he shoot of 'em—that's his way. He never makes any mistake of that sort."

Then Moleskin got up and returned to the fire, while Ives, expressing a hope that he would soon be perfectly well again, set off home.

"A noble young man—a right down follower of Christ," said the poacher quite seriously after Pomeroy had left. "All for share and share alike, and uplifting the humble and meek. As good as a sermon, I'm sure."

But Mrs. Cawker cast a withering glance from her couch.

"You bad old devil!" she said. "Drink your broth and shut your mouth. You ought to blush for yourself every time you pass a young chap. 'Christ,' indeed! I wonder you dare to take the Name."

Mary was as good as her word, and made an opportunity to see the head man of Vixen Tor Farm. She supposed him the friend of Ives Pomeroy, and discussed the farmer in absolute ignorance that she spoke with his enemy.

"A son of Belial be your father," said Mr. Codd. "I don't say it out of no ill feeling to you or your poor mother; but Moleskin's right down wicked, and as to Ives Pomeroy, he's gunpowder for any devil's match—always have been."

"Warn him, then. Tell him what me and mother know only too well: that my father's no friend to him or any young fellow."

"How should such a youth have friends?" asked Codd bitterly. "Look at me—a person of some account, I believe, and pretty well up in human nature. He flouts me, calls me names, scoffs at my large sense! 'Tis quite enough for me to offer advice, for him to scorn it. If I told him to stick to Moleskin through thick and thin I dare say he'd never see your father again. But if I warned him that he was doing a dangerous deed he'd only laugh in my face."

"His mother, then."

"That's no good. She don't understand him worth a rap. Too soft with him by far, as I've told her till I'm sick of telling her."

"Well, there it is," said the girl. "We can't do no more. They are going into something together, and my father's pretty well again now, so you may be sure 'twill happen soon. Pheasants 'tis; and that's all I know about it."

"I'll keep it in mind," answered Emanuel; and he did.

Upon reflection he guessed pretty accurately at his enemy's intention, but instead of making any appeal to Ives, the old man went elsewhere. At the Jolly Huntsmen various people were gathered together on the following Saturday night, and in the course of general conversation

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Pomeroy uttered opinions which brought upon him the harsh condemnation of Matthew Northmore. The farmer, to do him justice, spoke from conviction, not personal bias. But Ives answered angrily, and it required the united efforts of Peter and Joel Toop to silence the disputants.

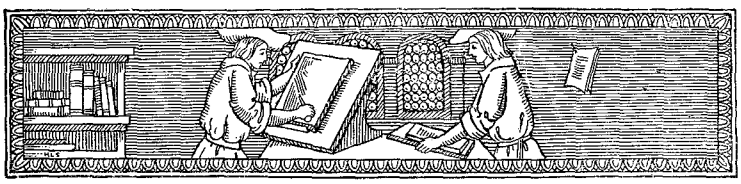
Immediately afterward Northmore left the bar and Emanuel Codd followed him. Among the latter's failings was a lack of physical courage, but he had shared the farmer's indignation and taken his part in the argument with Ives. Therefore Matthew heard him now and seriously considered the things that he spoke.

Codd explained that the master of Vixen Tor Farm was in league with a poacher, and this Northmore already guessed. But when the labourer declared that Ives had actually planned to help Moleskin, then Northmore viewed the facts more gravely. For the time, however, he had fought and conquered his personal hatred of Pomeroy, as now appeared.

"For his mother's sake I'd do anything to save the fool," he said. "A sharp caution is about the most likely thing to steady him. No business of mine, but yet I'll make it so. Leave the rest to me. I'll talk to Inspector Bachelor and get him to warn Pomeroy. The young dolt is only looking at this business from one point of view. If he saw it from another he might stop his folly."

Then Codd departed, a disappointed man. He had hoped that Northmore would lay a trap for the enemy; but that was not Matthew's intention. His own heart had taught him much since Ruth's refusal. He bore ill-will toward Ives, but the temptation to use this knowledge as a weapon was very slight. First he determined to take no step at all. Then, as became a man, he decided actually to help the younger. He changed his mind thrice before the issue, but finally he endeavoured to do Ives a service and spoke to the local inspector of police concerning him. His good offices came too late; and his words, instead of being a friendly hint to Inspector Bachelor, who was himself a father, that he might try and help a young man out of harm's way, presented the policeman with a valuable clue. For Ives had already fallen.

(*To be continued*)



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EARTH LETTER OF A MARTIAN

NEW YORK, January 15, 1906.

PURSUANT to my promise that if I should reach Earth I would send some account of my adventures to the *Martian Recorder*, I write this letter and send it back by the aerolite car that brought me. First let me apprize you of the fact that Earthians are as like us as two peas, as the saying is. They dress differently, but not being a woman, their fashions do not interest me enough to cause me to write about them. They have different laws, but law is a dry subject at best, and when all's said and done, I do not care to write of anything save what teases my pen, so let us leave the configuration of the land, the aspect of the cities and many kindred subjects to later letters. And let us hope that the series will stop before I reach them, for there is enough else to write about.

I landed in the sea, was picked up by a steamer (yes, they have steam and electricity and some things that we have not, while we better them at some points) and was landed at New York, which is the Metropolis of the Western Division of Earth's surface. It will surprise Martians to learn that Earthians in this part of the place speak our language. It will also surprise them to know that there are dozens of languages in use on Earth, owing to an accident at a place called Babel, the rights of which I have not been able to get at. They call this New York language "English," because it came originally from a place called England. Just how we happen to speak a common language would be worth finding out, but it indicates beyond doubt that communication between Mars and Earth was effected long ago and the means of transit forgotten. Whether it was first spoken in Mars or whether one of the Englanders came to Mars with it I cannot ascertain. And, indeed, my time has been so taken up since I arrived in being "entertained"—that is, hospitably dealt with and not necessarily amused—that I have had no time for study. I am taking in things as they come along, and my letters must perforce be more or less desultory. In fact, those of my readers who are familiar with my "Letters by a Butterfly" will know better than to look for anything very heavy.

Yesterday I went to my first "reception"; that is, a gathering of men and women, who were packed into a smallish room and who were received by a woman who was probably called the receiver, following the logic of our language. But of this I cannot say surely. She shook each one by the hand as he came in, and then, to drop into Martian slang, she "shook him."

When I arrived there were already so many in the room that it was difficult to move about, and the air was distressingly hot, and yet the utmost good nature prevailed. Such close proximity of Martians would have resulted in a riot. But people continued to arrive even after the events of the affair were under way.

I noticed a very intellectual looking man near me, and I purposed engaging him in conversation, to the end that I should be instructed in the customs of Earthians, but just as I squirmed to his side and opened my mouth to speak a young man with very long hair sat down to a blackish looking box mounted on carved legs and began to run his hands horizontally up and down some forty or fifty black and white sticks that were so arranged that they were depressed a quarter of an inch whenever he touched them. This tapping of the sticks resulted in a queer sound that issued from the interior of the box, and which they called "music." I cannot describe it, as we have nothing like it in Mars, but it did not seem to worry the mob of people at all, for most of them went on talking. This struck me as being rude, because the young man had evidently been asked to exercise his fingers on the blocks of wood, that they might notice the way in which he did it. There were some, however, who stopped talking and seemed much impressed by what they

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heard and saw, and when he stopped, nearly all in the room brought their hands together smartly, as if one should try to spank his right hand with his left. The noise was unpleasant, but no worse than the performance on the box had been. This spanking evidently had the effect of making the young man engage in more digital manifestations.

It annoyed me, as I wished to talk, and the noise was what we call weird. When he began the second bit of noise, the chattering, which had never entirely ceased, increased in power, and I thought I would get a chance to ask the intellectual gentleman some questions, but it was not to be so. The piece was short, and when it was ended another young man who had been clenching his hands with impatience in a corner of the room came forward and asked every one in the room to crowd into an even smaller space, as he wanted to "recite." That is what he called it, and I think I liked it less than the striking of the box, because it was merely the utterance of words in a most unusual way, with many strange glances and raisings of the voice and lowerings of the same and stampings and mouthings and the most curious succession of facial contortions that I ever saw.

His deliverance seemed to affect different people in various ways. Some of them uttered short grunts that seemed to indicate that they were disturbed, but others, more especially the women, patted their gloved hands together and said, "Tcharming."

Just as the young man was going to deliver himself of another torrent of words I heard a lady say to the "receiver," "I have brought Mrs. X. with me especially to hear Miss Hiller. She is very rich and a great deal may come of it, but she can't wait much longer, as she lives out of town. Can't Miss Hiller begin at once?" The young man was clearing his throat and looking at every one in the room in turn, to compel silence, I suppose, but at this point a very large and elderly lady with a huge amount of clothing of all sorts upon her came waddling up to the "receiver" and said, "If you want me to hear that 'boy violinist,' please have him play at once, as I am due at the Dysant's at five o'clock, and it is almost that now."

I felt sorry for the "receiver." She had planned this reception out of the goodness of her heart, I dare say, but she looked half badgered to death, and she seldom got a chance to say more than a word to any one, the interruptions of all sorts were so incessant. She could not stop the young man just then, but she nodded and smiled at the warmly clad old lady and also to the one with a friend, and then the young man began to release many words enunciated in a manner different from ordinary language. I heard some one say it was excellent "Irish dialect," but that conveyed nothing very clear to my mind, and I could not see where any excellence came in. The words he used seemed to have been pent up in his brain in a certain order, and they were very evidently not said for the first time, because they had an undefinably worn air about them, and were unlike anything I had ever heard in Mars, but the people seemed to like this last very much, as they all laughed heartily, and one man said, "That's something like," although, as I say, I could not see that it was like anything.

At different times I heard four people say in an undertone that could not escape a Martian's ears, "Oh, I wish I was out of this. I've got to go to another, and I'll be late."

Now, will some kind Martian please tell me why they should be in a hurry to go to another torture chamber if they were sorry they had come to this one? Logic does not seem to be a strong point with these Earthians.

But now the young man was through, and I was curious to see which would come out next, the boy violinist (of him later) or the young girl. I did not wish to have the rich lady go away, for I have already learned that the rich can be of great help to "struggling artists." They seldom are of any help (so I am told), but they *can* be.

First a word as to "artists." As near as I can make out, it is a word that is used to denote the people who interrupt conversation at these receptions. Nothing could be more different than the method employed by the one who talked

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so strangely and the one who ran his fingers over the articulated sticks in the box, and only the former was entirely successful in stopping conversation, but both were called artists and both had long hair. I met a "plainsman" (one who lives on the big meadows) on the street, and his hair flowed to his shoulders, and I asked if he were an artist, but found that he was "an altogether different order of feline," as Sakalana would say.

But "to get back to our sheep." The Miss Hiller stepped up alongside the mounted box and stood there and the people came out of their cramped positions and stopped their talk to listen to her. Another young woman came forth and sat down in front of the box, and again those dreadful sounds issued from it, and Miss Hiller opened her mouth and spoke—and yet she did not speak. That is, I could not make out a single word that she was saying, although she moved her lips and her tongue, and all the while there issued from her throat such sounds as one hears when domestic animals are bereft of their young. It set my teeth to aching, but it pleased everybody in the room except the rich lady, who left with her friend in a hurry. I heard afterward that she had to "catch a train," although what she intended doing with it after she had caught it I did not know. I hope that she did something for Miss Hiller, for she was in need of speedy aid. I have since learned that Miss Hiller talks this inarticulate language and makes these dire sounds in order to raise money, and that people pay her to come and do it—but not if they can get her for nothing.

The much clothed lady was still "waiting patiently about," as Sakalana has it, and after Miss Hiller had become inarticulate again to the accompaniment of rhythmic thuds from the black box, the "boy violinist" came out.

A violinist is one who performs on a "violin," which is another box, only a small one, across which a stick is drawn, and the result is another interruption to conversation strangely like that which came from the throat of Miss Hiller, and even more effectual.

The boy was what we would call a weakling. He had curly hair quite long enough to make an artist of him and blue eyes and a little mouth and slender arms and legs, and he did not look as if he would ever be strong enough to do his share of fighting. Altogether, the sort who would be placed in one of our gymnasiums until he should acquire plenty of brawn. But how they liked him! He did not have to open his mouth at all, as the box contained all the noises he needed, but as soon as he made his appearance the much-clothed lady said, "The darling! I must have him at my reception next Wednesday" (the same as our Waralana). And every one in the room said something that ended in a sort of purr.

You should have heard the noises *he* produced. I wished for the box of sticks or even Miss Hiller before he was half through. It was awful, or, to express it in the words of a woman who stood next to me, "It was divinely beautiful. So poetic, so full of temperament."

And that reminds me that "temperament," the exact meaning of which no one can tell me, is a thing that every artist must have if he is desirous of being successful. Whether it relates to his appearance or the quality of diabolism appertaining to the sounds he produces, or whether it means his general expression, I cannot tell, but every artist at the reception had it "to incinerate," as Sakalana would say. And the boy was saturated with it. Every one said so. He would rub the box with the stick, and groans and squeals would issue from it, and they would all sigh and say, "Such temperament!" And when he finally got tired of making a noise, those people made a rush for him, and I thought at first that I had misjudged their feelings, and that they were going to ill-treat him, as bullies hector slender, curly-headed boys in dear old Mars, but they wanted to hug him. Every woman and every girl in that room kissed him and hugged him until I was sure he had been reduced to pulp. The men let him alone, and I heard one say, "Now, if it had been Miss Hiller it would be different."

After the weakling had brought more noises out of the violin and the women had exhausted themselves and him with ejaculations and huggings, everything

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stopped except the talk, so that the people might eat and drink. A maiden brought a tray on which was a steaming yellow liquid in cups. It was slightly astringent and somewhat sweet, but it had no perceptible after effect, so I do not know why the people drank it. I would have liked to see them drink something that would call out their real natures, but I and the rest had to be content with this "tea," as they called it, and with little slabs of a dry, powdery stuff that choked me before I learned how to take it into my throat. It was called "crackers," or "biscuit." Some called it crackers, and others more modish called it biscuit. It seemed to be an acquired taste; so, too, I fancy, is the music. I do not intend to acquire them.

But the best, or I should say the worst, was yet to come. Among those present was a lady of commanding presence and whose hair was long, although I have noticed that many of the commanding looking ladies in New York have short hair. Of course, they are not artists, but they have their own way of quelling conversation—and that without the use of the box of the violin; but of that later.

This lady was a professional performer on the "piano," which is a technical name for the black box on legs. I am told that it means "soft," but I fancy that that is an Earthian joke. A professional is one who does things for money that he couldn't be hired to do for love. When it became noised abroad that this pianist was in the room, many of those present were wild to hear her play on the box, because ordinarily one has to pay admission before she will strike a single stick. Now, I happen to know that the lady who was giving the reception was very proud of her black box. She thought that the sounds which issued from it were much less awful than those which issued from the boxes of other makers, or, as she would have put it, "her piano had an unusually fine tone." But when she, egged on by various people, asked this "Signora Pianella" (for such was her odd name) to play something the piano hitter snorted and said:

"What, on *that?* Do you think I don't value my reputation?"

And at this the "receiver" coloured, but she kept her temper and said something about Signora Pianella being able to make a fine instrument out of the poorest, a remark the gist of which escaped me. Then others of those present urged her whenever they got a chance between the different tortures, and notably while they were disseminating the "tea," so at last she consented to do one "little thing." And she hoped they would remember that she was used to a "grand stoneway," whatever that meant.

Oh, if you could have seen the things that had to be done before she was ready. First the box had to be pushed about until the light fell on the parallel sticks. Then she declared that it was really outrageous to ask her to "play" on such an apology for a "piano" as that; that it would make her lose caste; that it would debase her style; that it might get into the papers, and she did hope there were no reporters present, but if there were she hoped they'd be sure to come to her after the performance that her name might not be misspelled. Then she sat down on the queer little chair, the seat of which could be raised or lowered by twirling it, the stem of it being a screw. But she found that she could not twirl it high enough to suit the length of her legs, so they brought her books to sit on, and then she found that the light fell the wrong way after all, and they had to move the huge thing once more. And when she was finally seated in front of it she audibly wished that there were no gentlemen present so that she might remove her waist, as it always made her perspire to perform in a small room. And when some of the men made as if they would leave, she begged them to remain, as the more there were in the room the better she could play.

For me, I felt that some one should administer corporal punishment, but an old gentleman told me that this was merely the freakishness of genius, and that she was one of the finest box hitters on earth. I still stick to my own terminology, but I ought to say that "piano player" or "pianist" is the correct term.

Finally she let her fingers chase one another up and down the corduroy road, and then she sank into herself and

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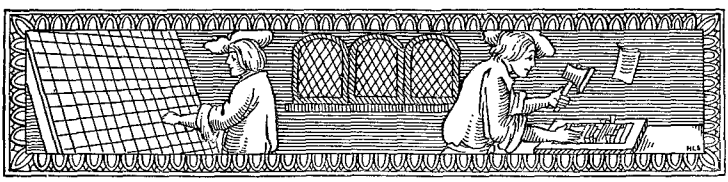
groaned that it was a sin against one's artistic conscience to have anything to do with such a rattle box—and she did well to call it that. Then she called for some one to open a window, because she knew she would faint if she took violent exercise in such a small, close room. And indeed it was stewingly hot, and I thought it spoke wonders for the good nature and high breeding of the ladies and gentlemen that I heard no oaths. Martians would have sworn like the tow boys on the twin canals under like conditions.

When she at last began, she gave the path of sticks no rest from her finger-falls. Up and down she scampered and pounded and dug and ramped and clawed, and as she had caused the cover of the box to be raised there was no attempt at concealment, but the noises came forth undisguised. It made me feel faint, and I was glad when she had made an end.

And then the poor, packed people ejaculated loudly and patted their hands and said things in strange languages and begged her to bring out whatever combination of noises was left in the piano, and she shrugged her shoulders and said, "I hope that you have not thought of the instrument, but only of my playing."

For me, I had thought of both, for I could not help it. But I well knew that since it had been so hard to get her to do one thing, nothing could induce her to resume relations with the box again. However, in that I showed my ignorance of Earthian nature. She who had been led so reluctantly to the devil's casket now could not have been torn from it, and again and again invented combinations of figures on the wooden slats that gave rise to many and varied disturbances within the case; yet at the end of each set of combinations there were those who patted their hands, but each time with less fervour, and I heard many speak of catching trains who did not look as if they were strong enough. These hurried out into the hallway, some shaking the hands of the "receiver" and some failing to do so. As for me, I felt that I could stand the crowd, the heat and the devilish noise no longer, so I went to the "receiver" and told her that while I did not know how to catch trains, I believed I would go outside and catch my breath, and so I left her, with the wooden slats still rattling and the artist steaming with ardour.

Charles Battell Loomis.



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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

CHITTENDEN'S "PHYSIOLOGICAL ECONOMY IN NUTRITION." By Professor Russell H. Chittenden. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The universal delight in the pleasures of the table will always interfere with the proper application of the principles of dietetics. As "man is the only animal that drinks when it is not thirsty," so man is the only animal that takes food merely because it tickles his palate, stimulates a jaded appetite with spices, and then eats to repletion. Leaving out of consideration gluttons and the self-indulgent, there is an overwhelmingly large majority that eats improper food and overeats, honestly believing that it is pursuing a proper course. As time-honoured as the old method of counterpoising the grist with a stone is the belief that a large amount of animal food is requisite during any considerable physical exertion, during any activity needing staying power, or during any pressure from responsibility or worry. Former eminent authorities on diet and food have taken for granted as a standard the average amount of food naturally consumed by men who are really products of generations of high living. These dietetic experts have mastered the physiology of nutrition, and computed exactly the intake and output of various elementary components of food. But it has been reserved for Chittenden to show that the previous standards were faulty. The previously unquestioned dictum of Carl Voit, of Munich, was that a man of the average body weight of 70 to 75 kilos (150 to 165 lbs.), doing moderate physical work, requires daily 118 grams of proteid food (including meat, milk, eggs, fish, lobsters, brains, kidneys), of which 105 grams should be absorbable, 56 grams of fat, and 500 grams of carbohydrate (starches and sugars). This Voit standard has been commonly accepted. Many foreign observers have corroborated his statements; and our own Atwater has stated, after many observations upon the dietetic habits of different classes of people and under different conditions of life, that as liberal a daily allowance of proteid as 125 grams would seem desirable. On the other hand, experimental work done during the last four years has suggested the possibility that the real physiological needs of the body may be met by a much lower standard of diet. Professor Chittenden was led to doubt the almost universal belief in the efficacy of a rich and abundant diet to strengthen the body and increase mental vigour. Everyone agrees that proteid decomposition products are a constant menace to the well-being of the body. The baleful effects of uric acid in gout are admitted. Liver and kidneys undergo constant strain in their effort to rid the body of the nitrogenous waste-products resulting from an excess of proteid foods. In addition, there is the danger to the body from intestinal putrefaction and toxæmia, should it lose its ability to digest and absorb the excess of food consumed.

The results reached by Horace Fletcher, who spent several weeks under observation in the laboratory of Professor Chittenden, confirmed Professor Chittenden in his convictions; and he thereupon instituted a series of very instructive experiments, so planned as to show that body equilibrium and nitrogen equilibrium can be maintained for many months, or even years, on a low proteid diet, vigour being unabated and proper resistance to disease being secured. He pursued a series of experiments on each of three types of individuals, whom he describes as follows:

"First. A group of five men of varying ages, connected with Yale University as professors and instructors; men who while leading active lives have not engaged in very active muscular work. They were selected as representatives of the mental worker rather than the physical worker, although several of them in the performance of their daily duties had to be on their feet in the laboratory a good portion of the day.

"Second. A detail of thirteen men, volunteers from the Hospital Corps of the United States Army and representatives of the moderate worker; men who for a period of six months took each week-day a vigorous amount of systematic exercise in the gymnasium, in addition to the routine work connected with their daily life as members of the United States Hospital Corps. These men were of different nationalities, ages and temperaments.

"Third. A group of eight young men, students in Yale University, all thoroughly trained athletes, and some of them with exceptional records in athletic events."

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Gradually reducing the amount of albuminous or proteid food taken each day, in the course of a month he had put his men on a diet which supplied but 5 to 9 grams of nitrogen to the professional men, about 10 grams per day to the soldiers, and about 6 to 9 grams daily to the athletes, against 16 to 18 grams as demanded by the Voit standard. In all cases there was no loss of mental or physical strength, while body and nitrogen equilibrium were maintained. The soldiers were conscious of less fatigue than formerly. One of the athletes won two championships while on the diet, others making steady gains in ability, improving their digestions, playing strong basket ball games, running long distances, or improving steadily in wrestling. An example of meals for the athletes follows:

"Breakfast.—Orange, 150 grams; roll, 57 grams; butter, 17 grams; coffee, 159 grams; sugar, 14 grams.

"Lunch.— Fried farina, 74 grams; syrup, 48 grams; potato, 250 grams; lima beans, 50 grams; coffee, 150 grams; sugar, 14 grams.

"Dinner.—Rice croquette, 92 grams; syrup, 48 grams; string beans, 93 grams; mashed potato, 352 grams; bread, 40 grams; butter, 8 grams; coffee, 150 grams; sugar, 14 grams.

"Evening.—Beer, 450 grams."

Perhaps the point that interests most people is the economical importance of these results. Habit and sentiment are changed with difficulty, even in the face of demonstrated results. But the fact that but one-half as much money need be spent for meat, milk and eggs as has before been deemed essential will excite interest and stimulate study in at least one-third of the enlightened. To-day the cost of animal food is great. It has increased in our cities about 80 per cent. during six years. The cost of the albuminous or animal part of the present average diet amounts to at least four-ninths of the cost of the entire food supply of practically all but the poor. The adoption of Professor Chittenden's standard will result in immense saving to the family and the community.

Albert Warren Ferris.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of June and the 1st of July.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
4. Where the Trail Divides. Lillibridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Country House. Galsworthy. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
3. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
4. The Haunters of the Silences. Roberts. (Page.) $2.00.
5. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Midnight Guest. White. (McBride.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
2. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
3. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Stolen Throne. Kaufman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
6. The Adventuress. Stanton. (McBride.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
3. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Star of Valhalla. Gross. (Stokes.) $1.50.

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5. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. The Sinner. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
2. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) $1.50.
4. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Old Home House. Lincoln. (Barnes.) $1.50.
6. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
2. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Felicity. Laughlin. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
6. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. Jerry, Junior. Webster. (Century.) $1.50.
5. Felicity. Laughlin. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. Langford of the Three Bars. Boyles. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
5. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. Ackroyd of the Faculty. Ray. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
4. The Cave Man. Corbin. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Invader. Woods. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The World's Warrant. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) $1.50.
2. The Sinner. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Slim Princess. Ade. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Veiled Lady. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
4. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
5. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Captain of the Kansas. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
2. The Gentleman Ragman. Nesbit. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. The Militants. Andrews. (Scott.) $1.50.
5. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.

DENVER, COLO.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
2. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Three Men and a Maid. Fraser. (Clode.) $1.50.
5. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. The Long Labrador Trail. Wallace. (Outing.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
3. The Lion and the Mouse. Hornblow. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
4. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Partners of Providence. Stewart. (Century.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Felicity. Laughlin. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
3. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Dulcibel. Peterson. (Winston.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
2. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Trimmed Lamp. Henry. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.00.
5. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. Nearest the Pole. Peary. (Doubleday, Page.) $4.80.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
2. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Midnight Guest. White. (McBride.) $1.50.
6. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Cruise of the Shining Light. Duncan. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50c.
3. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. Through the Eye of a Needle. Howells. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Langford of the Three Bars. Boyles. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Sinner. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
4. By Right Divine. Sage. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Wingless Victory. Willcocks. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
2. The Tree of Heaven. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Cruise of the Shining Light. Duncan. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Master of Stair. Bowen. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
2. His Courtship. Martin. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
6. Friday the 13th. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75. $1.75.
2. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
5. The Tree of Heaven. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50
6. The Sowing of Alderson Cree. Montague. (Baker, Taylor.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The End of the Game. Hornblow. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
3. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. His Courtship. Martin. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

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PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Turn of the Balance. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Half a Rogue. McGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
5. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Cave Man. Corbin. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. The Tree of Heaven. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Sinner. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Fräulein Schmidt. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
5. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. Friday the 13th. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The Privateers. Watson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
2. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
3. Langford of the Three Bars. Boyles. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. The Training of the Human Plant. Burbank. (Century.) 60c.
6. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
3. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. The Squaw Man. Faversham. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
5. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
2. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.25.
4. The Cruise of the Shining Light. Duncan. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Iron Way. Carr. (McClurg.) $1.50.

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3. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. Vancouver's Discovery of Puget Sound. Meany. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
5. The Spirit of the American Government. Smith. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. The Giant's Strength. King. (Harper.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
2. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Tree of Heaven. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Mystics. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
2. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
3. Haunters of the Silences. Roberts. (Page.) $2.00.
4. Fräulein Schmidt. By the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden.* (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Through the Eye of the Needle. Howells. (Harper.) $1.50.

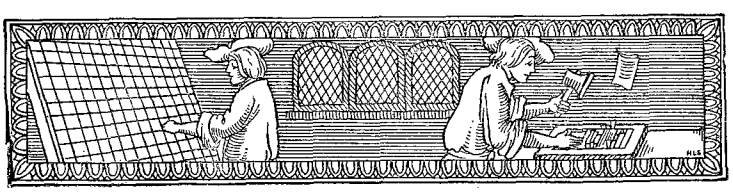
From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives 10
" "	2d	"	"		8
" "	3d	"	"		7
" "	4th	"	"		6
" "	5th	"	"		5
" "	6th	"	"		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00..... 152
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50 127
3. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50..... 110
4. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50..... 103
5. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50..... 99
6. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25..... 73



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